

CHINA



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SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1956

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

HK v Lancashire

It must be admitted that Mr Cyril Lord lacks neither ingenuity nor perseverance in his campaign to eliminate competition from India, Japan and Hongkong to the Lancashire textile industry. His method of "briefing" members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords about the unfair advantages which Japanese textile industrialists enjoy was decidedly novel. We await his grimace for exposing the terror of Hongkong competition with intense interest.

The Colony notes that once again Mr Lord carelessly (or should we say carefully?) brackets the textile industries of Hongkong with those of India and Japan. It would be flattering but for the fact our impact on Lancashire is negligible compared with that of the two countries he associates with Hongkong.

Doubtless Mr Lord will produce figures to show that our factories export unprocessed textiles to Lancashire. Let it also be hoped that at the same time he acknowledges the fact that it is Lancashire textile industrialists who beg Hongkong to supply them with that particular type of cloth. Hongkong is not indulging in dumping practices; merely fulfilling orders.

The Colony's threat to Lancashire has for long been exaggerated. The idea has become a phobia. And to suggest that a little place like Hongkong, whose textile factories occupy but a few square miles, can be put in the same competitive class as expanding industrialised countries such as India and Japan is ludicrous.

The clamour among certain Lancashire industrialists and MPs for a revision of Imperial Preference concessions might conceivably enjoy some sympathy here if the same gentlemen could simultaneously guarantee the restoration to traditional levels of the Colony's entrepot trade, and thus ensure maintenance of Hongkong's economy.

But that is a piece of magic beyond them; wherefore we must continue to rely on expanding our industries, even if that does present some sort of challenge to Lancashire.

MOLOTOV RESIGNS

Pravda Editor New Foreign Minister APOSTLE OF "COMPETITIVE CO-EXISTENCE"



MOLOTOV

EDEN AND CYPRUS

London, June 1.

Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden said today that Cyprus is vital not only to Western defence, but to Britain's oil life-line in the Middle East.

Speaking at a Conservative Party meeting in Norwich he said: "The Cyprus question is not, and never has been, essentially a colonial question, nor one between ourselves and Greece alone."

He added: "Our country's industrial life and that of Western Europe depends today, and must depend for many years to come, on oil supplies from the Middle East."

TO VISIT ROME

Rome, June 1. Chancellor Adenauer of West Germany and his Foreign Minister, Heinrich von Brentano, will pay an official visit to Rome from July 2 to 4, the Italian Foreign Office announced here tonight.

Moscow, June 1. V. M. Molotov, long the strong right arm of Josef Stalin, resigned as Soviet Foreign Minister today and the Khrushchev-Bulgarian leadership gave the job to Dmitri Shepilov, Pravda editor and apostle of "competitive co-existence."

It was the first major change in the top level of the Soviet Government since Nikolai Bulganin became Premier early last year.

The announcement did not say whether Molotov would also resign from his other government posts. He is a First Deputy Premier along with Anastas Mikoyan, Laza Kaganovich and Max Saburov.

Molotov was a stern and rigid diplomat of the Stalin school and his resignation had been expected ever since the Khrushchev-Bulgarian regime denounced Stalin's dictatorship at the 20th Communist Party Congress.

Molotov once was Premier of the Soviet Union, and stepped down to be Stalin's Foreign Minister. He was recognised as one of the most skilled diplomatic debaters of the modern era. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said in his book, War and Peace, that Molotov was one of the greatest diplomats he ever saw in action.

Shepilov has long been marked as Molotov's successor. More and more he has come forward as the thinker whose ideas are in line with those "competitive co-existence" theories that are espoused by Premier Nikolai Bulganin and Communist Party chief Nikita Khrushchev.

The Tass news agency announced that Moscow radio broadcast said: "The USSR Supreme Presidium has acceded to the request of the First Deputy Chairman of the USSR Council of Ministers V. M. Molotov to relieve him of the duties of USSR Foreign Minister."

"The USSR Supreme Presidium has appointed Dmitri Trofimovich Shepilov to the post of USSR Foreign Minister."

Molotov is an assumed name that means "the hammer". He was one of the implacable men who with Stalin brought the present Communist nation out of the ruins of revolution.

Adjustments. Molotov made several statements adjusting his past position to the new Soviet line. But it became clear in April that Molotov was no longer the primary spokesman on foreign policy.

While Khrushchev and Bulganin were in Britain, Molotov in Moscow, a major home front speech was made not by Molotov but by Shepilov. Shepilov's statements followed the Khrushchev-Bulgarian line of breaking away from rigid Stalinist policies and seeking "competitive co-existence" between East and West.

Shepilov at 49 is a new generation revolutionary. He began his rise under Stalin and in the early 1930s headed the "Agit-Prop" Department of the party which laid down the party propaganda line.

Some time in 1952 he took over Pravda. He brightened it somewhat with use of cartoons and pictures but it remained the faithful organ of the Soviet Communist Party.

It was Shepilov who wrote the Pravda article denouncing what is now considered to have been the imbalance between consumer goods and heavy industry efforts during George Malenkov's tenure as premier.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:
P. 3: A world's strangest story: "Who killed the Duke?" by Dudley Pope.

P. 6: "Diamonds Are Forever": our new thriller serial, by Ian Fleming begins. Gerard Allen tells more personal adventures in his entertaining series: "Life with Allen."

P. 7: Rene MacColl writes another chapter of "Deadline and Deadline"—MacArthur's Amazing "Last Act." T. E. B. Clarke who wrote the script for "The Lavender Hill Mob" gives his impressions of Hollywood and America.

P. 8: George Whiting begins his new series: "Incredible Cup Finals." Orestis, the fabulous Greek shipowner, is turning his eyes towards Britain. Why? Read Les Armour's column.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

Terrorists' New Tactics

Nicosia, June 1. Anti-British guerrillas opened a "blackout" offensive in Cyprus today.

Rebels knocked out the lights in Lamara for 25 minutes during the night by pitching a chain over a high tension line.

In the ensuing darkness they threw two bombs at British troops. Neither exploded, although one hit a soldier of the Middlesex regiment on the side of the head.

A second power break in Limassol lasted nearly two hours.

At Kitima, a guerrilla pitched a bomb at the police station. It failed to clear the anti-bomb fence around the building and exploded harmlessly against the wire.—United Press.

Council Dissolution

Cairo, June 1. Egyptian Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser announced today the Revolutionary Council would be dissolved on July 23.—France-Press.

FISTS FLY IN THE JAPANESE DIET

Tokyo, June 1. Fist-fights broke out in the Upper House of Parliament tonight between Socialists and guards, and the guards claimed that 12 of their men were injured.

Four ambulances sped up to the granite Diet Building in Tokyo while Socialists tried to battle their way into the upper chamber after guards locked the doors.

The Socialists charged that the quick arrival of the ambulances proved that the Conservative Government engineered and encouraged the fight.

The gallery, packed with spectators, most of them students, roared as if they were witnessing a sporting event.

The fight climaxed a week of Socialist delaying tactics aimed at blocking passage of key government bills until the Parliament adjourns on Sunday.

CAUGHT OUTSIDE. The trouble started when Upper House President Tsuruhai Matsuno of the government's Liberal Democratic Party called the chamber into session.

Twenty Socialists were on the floor, and guards closed the doors. About 30 other Socialists caught in the hallway pounded on the doors for admission.

They then pushed past guards through a special door reserved for cabinet ministers, and fists flew.

Members of Prime Minister Ichiro Hatoyama's Conservative Party stood by and watched. The galleries cheered, and the ambulances arrived.

At 8 p.m. veteran Upper House Socialist Jichiro Matsuno collapsed with a mild stroke. A few minutes later, another Socialist, Soji Okada, was carried from the chamber also suffering a mild stroke.

The Diet guards later issued an official statement listing 12

Bringing US & Russia Together

New Role Envisaged For The British Commonwealth

London, June 1.

The extent to which the Commonwealth can act as a third force to bring the United States and the Soviet Union together will be explored by Commonwealth premiers meeting in conference here on June 27, authoritative sources said today.

They said the preparation of briefs for the conference which is expected to last ten days indicates that the theme of the main sessions will be foreign affairs.

The premiers will be asked to give their assessment of how far Communism is still a world menace and how far non-Communist countries should be prepared to accept peaceful co-existence.

British Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden's line, it is understood, will be that Communism today is less of a menace and that peaceful co-existence should not be feared.

Eden's brief was said to be based on the results of the visit to Britain of Soviet leaders Nikita Khrushchev and Nikolai Bulganin.

He is understood now to be convinced that important changes are under way in the Soviet Union and that the need for peaceful co-existence is greater there than in the West today.

COLOMBO PLAN. Authoritative sources said the next item in order of importance at the conference would be ways and means of strengthening the Colombo plan to make it a match for the Soviet programme of economic aid to China, India, Burma and Afghanistan.

They said preparatory changes have shown that the Commonwealth premiers have already accepted the Soviet challenge to compete in providing for underdeveloped countries.

Relations with Communist China will also be discussed and probably the timing of their support for Red China's admission to the United Nations, the sources said.

The Commonwealth conference also will consider the situation in Singapore, Malaya, Aden and Cyprus.

Mr Robert Menzies, Australian Premier, already has stated that he intends to raise the Cyprus question at the conference and authoritative sources said it was probable also that he would bring up the question of Singapore and Aden which are so closely linked with Australian defence.

Ceylon's Prime Minister Solomon Bandaranaike also has given notice that he will bring up the question of Ceylon's demand for the cessation of British bases on the island.

Authoritative sources said there appeared a possibility that he would not object to the bases coming under some form of

international defence control—a suggestion that could provide the answer for Ceylon as well as for Cyprus.

Observers here see these suggestions as the Communist world's efforts to promote the "third force."—United Press.

TOWN FINED

\$40,000

Nicosia, June 1.

A fine of \$40,000 was imposed today upon the Greek population of Nicosia for the excessive punishment for terrorist activity during past months.

In Nicosia, the island's capital, 112 shopkeepers were sent for trial tonight, mostly on charges of staging unofficial strikes.

They had closed their shutters, following the deportation of Archbishop Makarios and the execution of two young Cypriots.—France-Press.

Tito In Russia

Moscow, June 1. Yugoslav President Tito today crossed the frontier into Soviet territory in a special train which is taking him on an official visit to the Soviet Union.

At the frontier, Tito was welcomed by Vladimir Kuznetsov, Soviet First Deputy Foreign Minister, and M. Pigov, Secretary of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet.

Tito is expected to stay in Moscow tomorrow evening.—France-Press.

"MISS EUROPE". Stockholm, June 1. Miss Germany, 28-year-old former Post Office clerk, Miss Margit Nienke, won the Miss Europe title here tonight.

Miss Sweden, 19-year-old Ingrid Goude, was second and Miss Italy, Brunella Tocci, also 19, was third.—China Mail Special.

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Written by MONTGOMERY PITTMAN Directed by R. G. SPRINGFIELD
A REPUBLIC PRODUCTION

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GREAT WORLD: Fox Colour Cartoons

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SPECTACULAR FILMS
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5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY
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FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

THIS WEEK'S FILMS IN PICTURES



A scene from "Carrington VC".



Paul Douglas and Ruth Roman in "Joe Macbeth"

"Carrington VC" will only be showing for a few days at the Roxy and Broadway, so if you intend not to miss this excellent British picture, don't bank on the long run that is usual at these cinemas.

Don't be put off either by the fact that almost the entire film takes place at the court martial of the major. There are some hilarious scenes during the trial, in spite of its serious nature and the story is unfolded, I'm happy to say, without the flash-backs that can be so fatal to continuity.

David Niven, in the role of the major on trial, has a part in which he is perfectly at home. He is a gallant officer, liked by both his men and most of his fellow officers, the soul of honour, a little apt to act without thought for the consequences to himself.

The reason for his court martial is the fact that for a short while, the sum of £125 was missing from his battery safe and he does not deny that he took the money, sent £100 to his neurotic wife and let £25 on himself to win a race. With brilliant, the story is extracted from prosecution witnesses and the one defence witness. There is humour even in the fact that all the witnesses for the prosecution are in his favour and the sole defence witness, but that is saving the unusual twist away. This is one of the best films I have seen for some weeks. Don't miss it.

Rough & Tough

"Inside Detroit" has a strong political flavour inasmuch as it shows the infiltration into American labour unions of organised gangs who are completely ruthless in their attempts at domination.

Pat O'Brien is the villain of the piece and though at times he rants and raves of his desire for power, his theatrical manner, for the most part, is a cold blooded organiser whose odd quirks of personality make him difficult to bring to book.

There is the viciousness of "On The Waterfront" about "Inside Detroit" and although it is basically the old story of cops versus robbers, it has been slanted to present-day problems and unlike the gangster pictures of yesterday, seems as though it could happen in this day and age.

A Tear Jerker

"Lost" is a tear jerker about a lost baby.

The young parents, an American living in England and his dress-designer wife, discover their baby is missing when the distracted nanny rushes home to tell the story. She had left the child outside a shop in his pram while she went inside.

When she came out, baby and pram were nowhere to be seen. The parents are naturally frantic and in spite of putting the matter in the hands of the police, go chasing off after red herrings themselves, regardless of warning from the police to leave it to them.

On the one hand there is the infuriating slowness of the official police, and on the other the amateur and fruitless scurrying of the young parents. Both methods apparently lead nowhere until the painstaking methods of the police begin to uncover the story.

David Knight and Julia Arnall are the parents, with David Farrar as the inspector in charge of the case. The two riders are adequate, but Julia Arnall, who has been hailed as a new star on the British film horizon is weak.

But her acting is wooden and I found her a great disappointment after the glowing claims of the advance publicity.

Harrowing

At long last Susan Hayward has become an actress. After several false starts and poor vehicles she has at length been given a role in which to sink her pretty teeth and she has seized the bit with confidence.

"I'll Cry Tomorrow" is the sad story of the downfall of the singer and actress Lillian Roth as related first by her in the very popular American TV show "This Is Your Life" and later in her book "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

In one or two places the film has made concessions to popular taste—notably in the quick recovery from alcoholism brought about by Alcoholics Anonymous and also in the routine love affair between the

strayed sheep and her practical saviour. But these criticisms are slight compared with the fine standard of acting and the otherwise intelligent script.

To see Susan Hayward gradually becoming more and more of a prey to the "one more drink" habit is so realistic as to be frightening.

If the picture doesn't quite reach the heights or depths of realism that the French or Italians might have done, it must be remembered that the makers of "I'll Cry Tomorrow" had their eyes on a different market.

Jo Van Fleet is as good as Susan Hayward and one wonders how cordial were the relations off set of two highly strung actresses both giving very emotional performances.

New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "I'll Cry Tomorrow": Susan Hayward, Jo Van Fleet.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Lost": Search for a lost baby. David Farrar, David Knight, Julia Arnall.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Come Next Spring": Kindly outdoor story, Ann Sheridan, Steve Cochran, Sonny Tufts.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Joe Macbeth": American thriller. Paul Douglas, Ruth Roman.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Abdullah the Great": Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Last Hunt": A western. Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Raining Wild": Teenage gangsters. William Campbell, Mamie Van Doren, "Artists and Models": Martin & Lewis comedy. Shirley MacLaine, Dorothy Malone, Anita Ekberg and Eva Gabor.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Top Gun": A western. Sterling Hayden, Karen Booth. "All For Mary": A British comedy. Kathleen Harrison, Nigel Patrick.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Inside Belvoir": Gangsters in American Labour Union. Dennis O'Keefe and Pat O'Brien.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Carrington VC": It's built around a Court Martial. David Niven, Margaret Leighton.

"Carrington VC": A British comedy. Kathleen Harrison, Nigel Patrick.

"Carrington VC": A British comedy. Kathleen Harrison, Nigel Patrick.

Prodigal Husband

"Come Next Spring" is a pleasant, kindly story about an adult delinquent whose curse is the bottle.

Nine years before the story opens he has deserted his wife and gone off to the big city. When we see him he is the prodigal returning, clad incongruously for the farm country of Nebraska in a city suit. Without realising it he meets his two children on the way up to the farm that his wife has worked so hard to make into a home for them.

There is a sweet little girl, Sherry Jackson, who is unfortunately dumb, and an unspoiled boy who was born just after he had deserted them.

With patience and common sense he wins back the love of his wife and the respect of his sceptical neighbours and everyone lives happily ever after.

It's a simple story with every move foreseeable, yet it is by no means corny.

I would urge even the most hard boiled cinemagoer to see "Come Next Spring."

Macbeth (1956)

The modern type of gangster had nothing on those of Shakespeare, and in "Joe Macbeth", the film makers have gone back to the Bard for their plot.

Paul Douglas is well content to be the number two of a gang until his wife, played by Ruth Roman, lets her ambitious thoughts wander in the direction of the kingship.

The leader of the gang at the time the film opens has dropped into his place by having eliminated the previous occupant. Lily whispers in her husband's ear that if he in turn disappeared, there would be nothing to stop Joe Macbeth himself from becoming number one.

One murder follows another after this with Mrs Macbeth liberally applying the perfumes of the Rue de la Paix to sweeten her bloodstained claws. I'm not surprised that her mind gradually becomes deranged by the gore. There were just too many murders for me too.

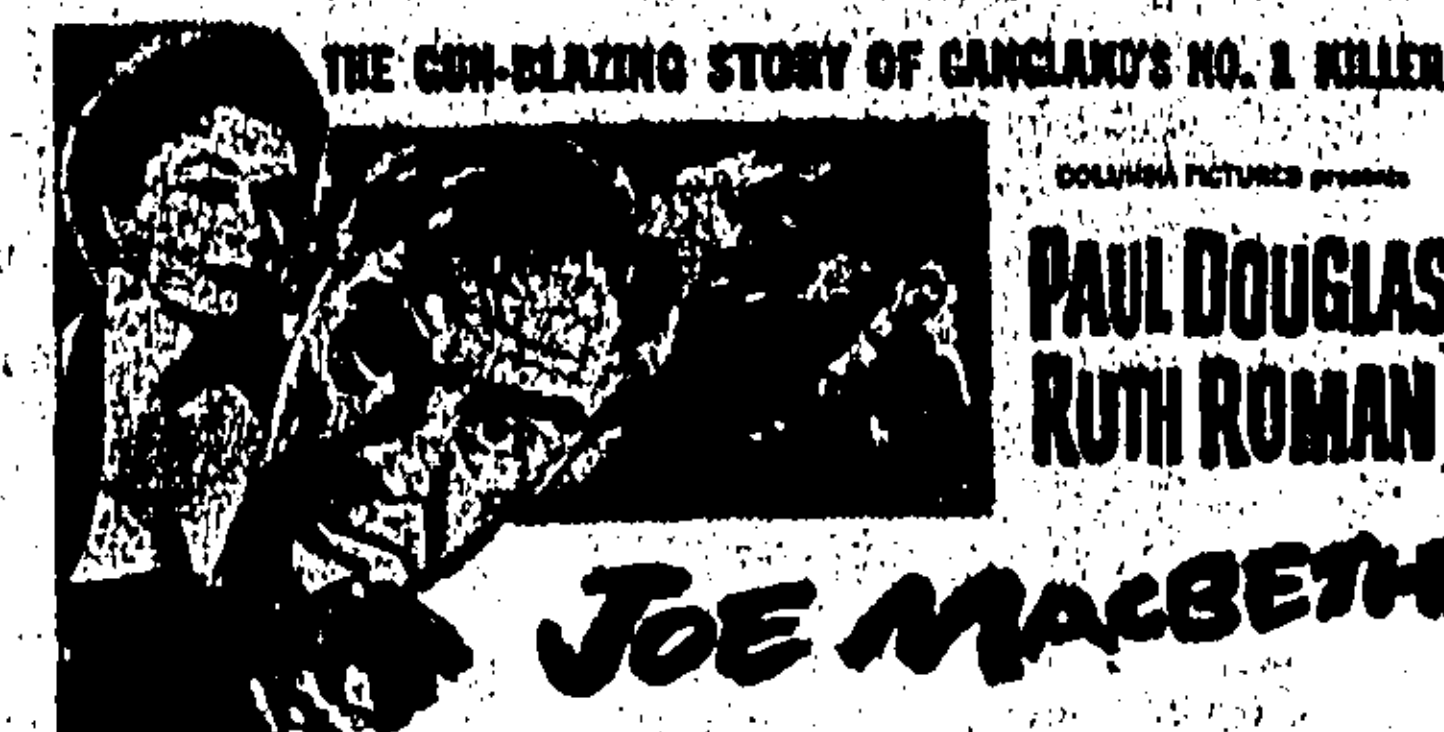
Paul Douglas is excellent as the slowly disintegrating gangster and this modern tale of power without glory closely follows its 16th century predecessor to its inevitable doom. Bonar Colleano, who has been such a likable chap in many British films, sheds his bonhomie for villainy too, and makes a good job of it.

Ruth Roman's acting isn't up to the standard of the rest, but it's almost a relief to find a flaw in all this spine chilling cold bloodedness.

They're a horrible lot in "Joe Macbeth".

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



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SUNDAY SHOWS AT 11.30 A.M.

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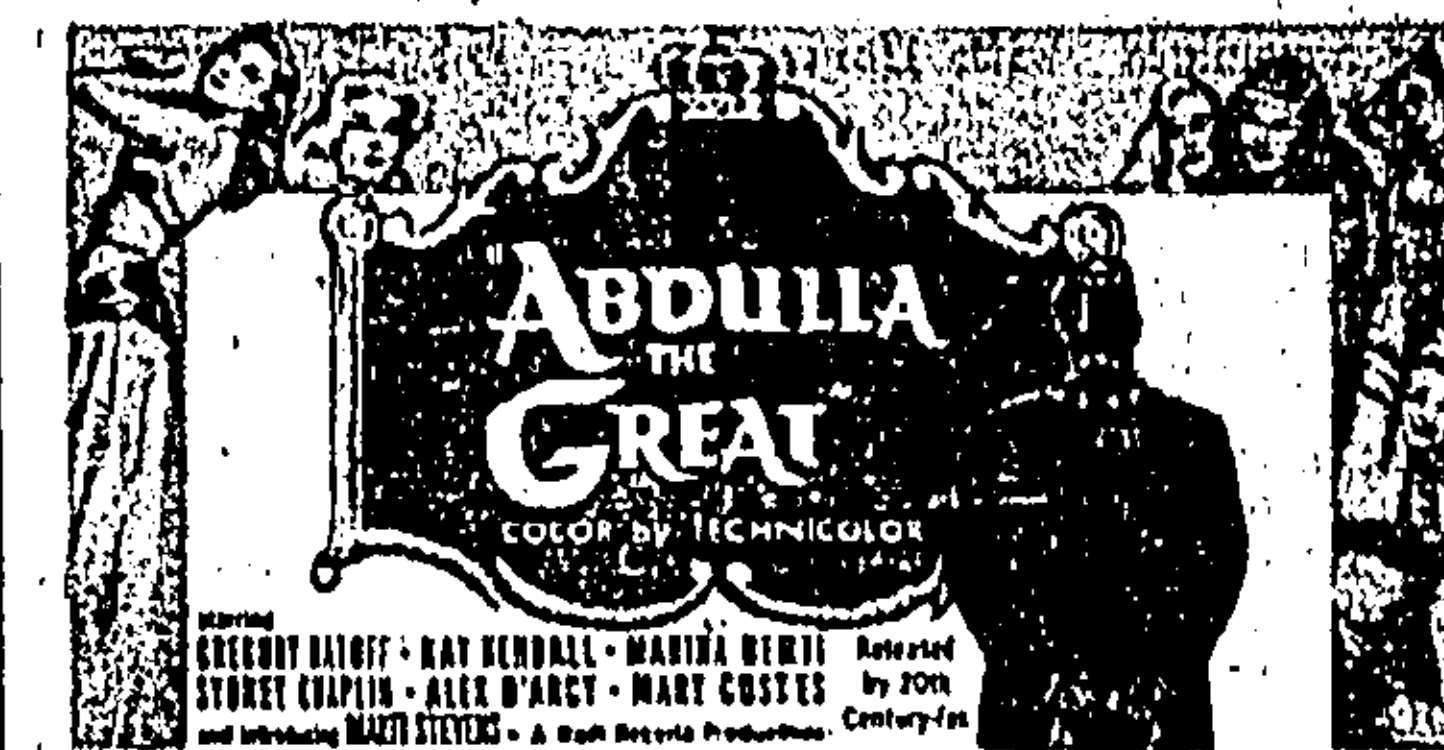
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In Technicolor with Fay Wray

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ANTHONY STEEL LAURENCE HARVEY JAMES HANCOCK

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

HEAD TOOK PUPILS ON MIDNIGHT FLIT

Buses For 70 Boys

London. THE time was near midnight outside a former stately home of England converted into a boys' private preparatory school.

Seventy excited schoolboys, with all their belongings, stood in the drive in orderly columns.

"Answer your names, boys, as you step into the coach," said the headmaster, reading from the roll.

"Smith minor."

"Here, sir."

And so it went on until all were packed into two motor coaches.

FANCY PHRASES

They were being transported to that the headmaster, Dr. Hamilton Davies, Ph.D., B.Sc., and his "bursar," known as Colonel Whitaker, Royal Marines, could blink their creditors.

The convey started—two coaches with the boys and the domestic staff, three five-ton lorries with the school furniture and bedding, and two cars belonging to the principals.

Master of the Midnight Flit was Headmaster Ronald Hamilton Davies, 42-year-old former street violinist with the bogus scholastic degree.

Twice he moved his school to less creditable, his second escape was organized with the assistance of Horace Edward Whitaker, a former R.A.S.C. private.

With cap and gown Davies, a master of fancy phrases despite his elementary school education, hoodwinked parents and tradesmen in running four private schools centred in ancestral homes.

On Speech Days he impressed parents by painting rosy futures for their sons. Education inspectors were deceived by academic qualifications he claimed.

It was in Leicester Gaol that Davies, serving a 14-month fraud sentence, decided to found one of his schools.

On his release he took over a boarding school and was joined by Whitaker on April 1, 1955, when he came out of the same prison.

'WAR HERO'

Davies had previously told the boys they had to be on their best behaviour as the new bursar was a war hero—Colonel Whitaker. The headmaster did not tell them that, before his prison sentence the "Colonel" was a soldier at Leeds Infirmary.

Embarrassed on the boys' jackets was the school motto in Latin: "I scorn evil things." The average cost for a term was £50 plus a few extras.

The history of Headmaster Davies could be followed around the country by a trail of dud cheques and unpaid bills.

In June 1951 he contracted to buy Morecott Hall, Uppingham, Rutland, for £3,000. At the time he was penniless.

In June 1953 he left and took over Ranksborough Hall, Rutland, and renamed it Ranksborough College. There he obtained £4,000 from a group captain and a brigadier.

He paid nothing for either school, ran up bills with tradesmen, and disappeared in August 1953.

The only money Davies did pay was to his staff of mistresses to keep going his academies of fraud.

In November 1953 he went bankrupt for £13,000. Soon after that he received a 14-month sentence for obtaining credit by fraud from leading hotels in London's West End.

In December 1954 Davies agreed to buy Cokethorpe School, at Wotton-under-wood, Buckinghamshire.

HUGE LAKE

It was the former home of the Dukes of Buckingham, a 30-foot house, standing in acres of ground with a huge lake, and a long statue-lined drive.

Davies employed decorators and an army of servants. He wanted the school transformed

to its original splendour when it was built in 1792.

And in came the bidders, their parents impressed by this magnificent seat of learning.

In March 1955, came the first midnight flit. The school was transferred to nearby Aylesbury, and Aylesbury College was opened.

It was here he was joined by Whitaker, newly discharged from Leicester Gaol. Davies was sent him £2 for the fare, and him at the school in a "motorcar."

DEAR MOTHER

The headmaster promised Whitaker to "Colonel" Davies, a firm of estate dealers and bought him a "saloon" of his purchase.

Then the new bursar was introduced at the school.

But that venture did not last long. The convey started pressing, so the convey moved out from the former home of the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild, "Snow-on-the-Wold," Gloucestershire, to start Cokethorpe College.

Home again went the letter from the boys. Dear Mother, we moved again last night, until the exasperated parents removed their sons.

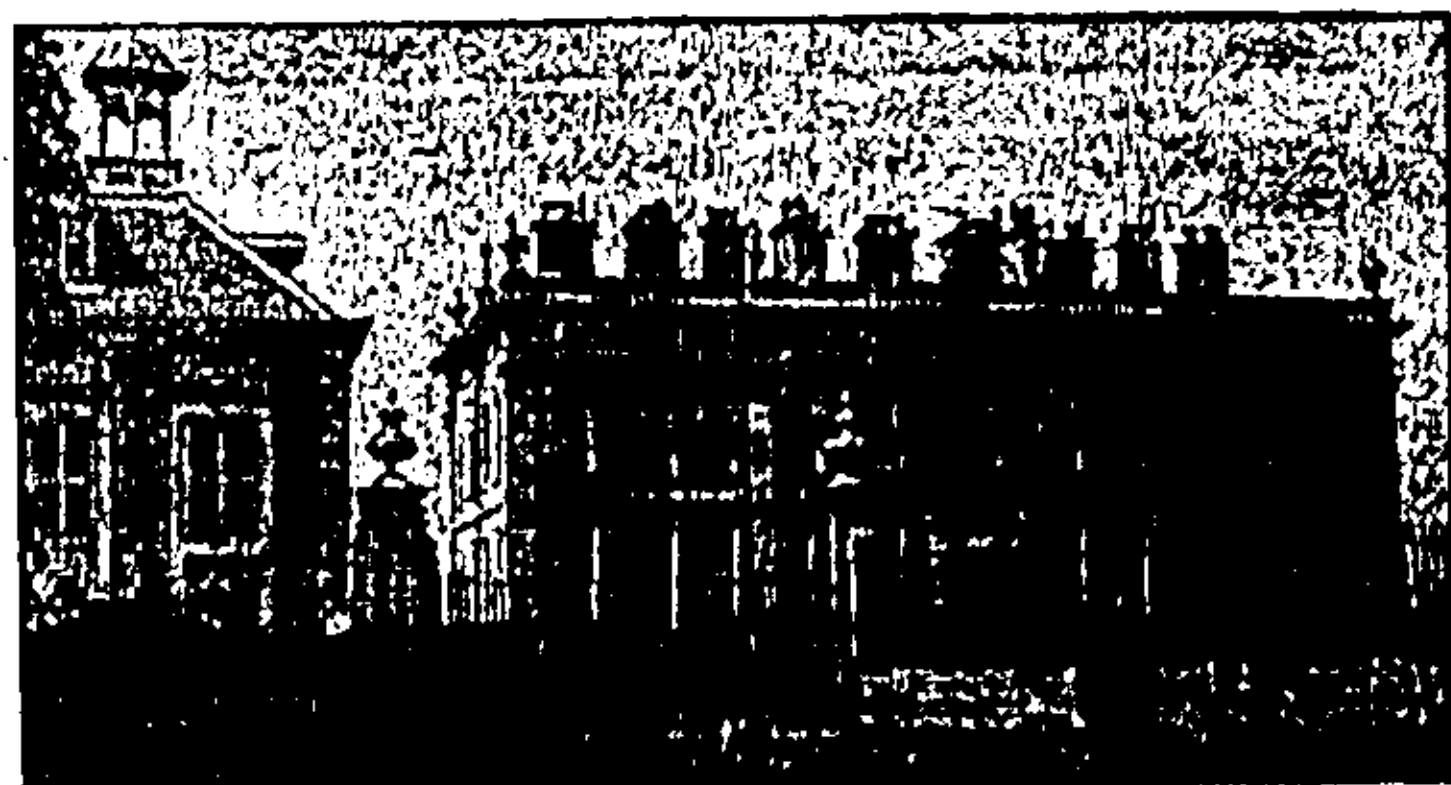
Davies, the self-styled wing commander who never rose above R.A.F. corporal, had left behind unpaid tradesmen bills totalling £3,397 during his educational tour.

£22,000 FEES

He had obtained £4,526 from five people and received £22,000 in school fees. He never paid the rent for his schools or even the cost of the coaches and lorries used in the moves.

At the Old Bailey last week Davies was gaoled for three years for conspiracy, fraud, and false pretences. He had several previous convictions.

"Colonel" Whitaker, an ex-Bombal boy, was sentenced to 18 months for conspiracy and false pretences.



© This is Wotton House, Buckinghamshire, former home of the Dukes of Buckingham. From here Davies staged his first midnight flit.

18,000 Happy Hours In The Stalls

Nottingham. THE two cinema seats in which 53-year-old Mrs Mary Bettison was courted by two husbands have been offered her as a memento. The cinema, in which she reckons she has spent 18,000 happy hours, is to close.

Mrs Bettison, of Lake Street, Nottingham, has been the New Boulevard's best customer. She has been going there three times a week for 45 years. She first went in silent-film days. Then she paid a penny and a jam-jar to go in. The boy she married went there with her he died when she was 28—and she still goes there three times a week, with her second husband, William, 54.

Drifted Apart

And she always sits in the same stalls—the end of the fourth row from the back. Mrs Bettison said the other day: "It would be nice to have something to remind me of so many happy days, but I don't think we've got room for the seats."

"Anyway my husband and I have pretty well worn them out."



RONALD DAVIES He painted rosy futures

Gravestone Cow Path Starts Row

Grendon. VILLAGERS were complaining that the cows are coming home over the gravestones of their ancestors.

Residents of the little hamlet of Grendon (population 400) said it was "un-Christian" and "sacrilegious" to allow farmers Phil Hope to pave his cow path with headstones from the village churchyard.

The vicar, the Rev. Wallace Cauldwell, said he had the church's permission to remove ancient stones that were interfering with the cutting of the churchyard grass.

None of the inscriptions could be read, the vicar said, and he had allowed Mr Hope, his warden, to take the stones home for use on his farm.

But wear on the stones which Mr Hope used to line a cattle run has brought out some of the names on the stones, villagers said.

They considered it improper for bovines hooves to tread on such inscriptions as "Sacred to the memory of—who died Jan. 30, 1855."—United Press.

LARRY MAKES MUSIC ON HIS DUSTBIN

London. A DUSTBIN man with a difference is Larry Jones. For he doesn't empty dustbins. He plays them.

Right now Larry—known in the West End as Black Larry—spends his evenings entertaining Soho with a performance that sounds like a double bass and looks like the Indian rope trick.

He plays his D. B. (double bass to you and dustbin to Larry) at the Cottage Club, in Litchfield Street, near Cambridge Circus, with Fiddle Bob Clarke, violinist, and Danny Pursford, guitarist.

Larry's dustbin stands upside-down on four blocks of wood. A piece of rope is threaded through a hole in the bottom of the bin and the other end is tied to the head of a broom.

OLD SPOON

He strums out his jazz rhythms with an old spoon or bottle (you can see him beating out the rhythm on the right).

Before he graduated to his D. B. he played guitars and banjos made from cigar boxes.

"Nowadays I go busking in the street playing my guitar," says 55-year-old Larry. "But that's only because I can't carry the D. B. round with me."



Larry gets down to business.

CANCER:

Cigarettes AND Hot Soup Are 'Dangerous'

Moscow. A SOVIET professor advised Russians to give up hot soup and cigarettes if they want to avoid cancer.

Professor Larionov, an associate member of the USSR Academy of Medical Sciences, told his Moscow Radio audience that it goes without saying that by giving up smoking the chances of contracting cancer of the lung can be considerably reduced.

He then discussed cancer of the stomach, and said: "On the whole it is likely that the intake of excessive hot food plays an important role in causing stomach cancer."

Now, In Egypt...

"Many people, for instance, love soup, the temperature of which is 60-70 degrees Centigrade (140-150 F.), while the cells of our body can be damaged within a few minutes by temperatures of 45 degrees C. (113 F.)."

He then said that "at the same time, among the rural population of Egypt, who consume mainly fruit and milk, there are practically no cases of malignant tumours of the stomach."

"All this bears witness to the fact that it is possible to avert various forms of malignant growths; to this end it is first of all essential to eliminate the influence of those very often mild but prolonged causes which give rise to tumours."—United Press.

Portuguese Decide

SLUMS TO GO

Oporto. The unhappy and unhealthy "slums" of this city—which is the name that Oporto gives to its slums—are to disappear.

They will make way for airy, clean new buildings under a 10-year urbanisation plan at an initial cost of over £1,500,000 (HK\$10 million) which is to be met by a subsidy and a loan from the Portuguese government.

The Oporto Municipality has been authorised to raise a further sum of close on £1 million (HK\$10 million) if necessary to complete the project.

The mortality rate, on the "islands" had reached the annual figure of 3.5 per cent. Each year 250 of every thousand babies died before their first birthday. —United Press.

NEW LIGHT ON PARIS

PARIS, known the world over as the "city of light," is in the process of emerging from a 19th century blackout today.

In almost every quarter of the city workers are busy installing new neon and fluorescent light to replace the aged gas lamp-posts that helped make Paris one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

The Champs-Élysées has brand new neon light lamp-posts. The gas light system was inaugurated in 1859. Several months ago Paris decided to modernise the Champs-Élysées and make it brighter.

Old Ones Kept

After months of testing various systems of fluorescent lighting authorities adopted 25-foot high lamp-posts with double arms carrying fluorescent arms. The 300 gas lamp-posts were retained, but fluorescent bulbs took the place of gas.

Similar renovating projects are underway in other parts of the city. At the Place de l'Étoile at the top of the Champs-Élysées the problem will prove more difficult because of the architectural structure of the square which makes the choice of suitable lamp-post difficult.

Several other main streets of the French capital have already been equipped with modern fluorescent lighting. Avenue de l'Opéra is also in the process of being equipped with modern lighting.

This summer the famed Seine Quai will alter their ancient gas lighting and at the end of the year the major commercial streets of Paris will adopt the new system.

In some three or four years the authorities plan to have abolished completely the gas system. —United Press.

Boys' Ordeal In Open Sea

Venice. The Italian Navy's Rosandra steaming its way between Trieste and Venice picked up three Trieste boys drifting in the Adriatic Sea after their launch ran out of gasoline.

All three were sent to hospital when they arrived in Venice suffering from exposure. They had spent about two days drifting in the sea. —United Press.

HIS FANS PLEAD:

'DON'T GET MARRIED'

Winnipeg. A SINGING disc-jockey A who plans to be married in July has been plagued by mail and telephone calls from irate teenagers demanding that he stay single.

Gordie Ross, who handles all the teenage shows for radio station CJOE in Winnipeg, said the letters were mostly from high school girls who felt that as a married man he would be unable to continue with the teenage shows.

"Letters have been pouring in since I announced my plans," Ross said. "The girls think that it will make me what they call 'an adult' and will disqualify me as a teenagers' M.C."

His Favourite

Ross, 25, has spent eight years in radio. He started at the age of 17 writing sports copy for a station in western Canada before he switched to playing records. He also doubles as a singer in a Winnipeg night club on weekends.

Some of his fan mail is encased with lipstick.

Ross's favourite letter is from a girl who wrote: "Uncle Gordie, when you get married you'll be a real adult. Will you still be able to do the show?"

Another, which was sent "with lots of love and kisses" implored: "Gordie, please don't get married."

Ross did not say what the future Mrs Ross had to say about the lipstick-smeared fan mail he gets. —United Press.

LEE Theatre

3 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 7.00 & 9.50 P.M.
NEW PROGRAMME
With Fascinating NEW Numbers
2 Hours Stage Entertainment!

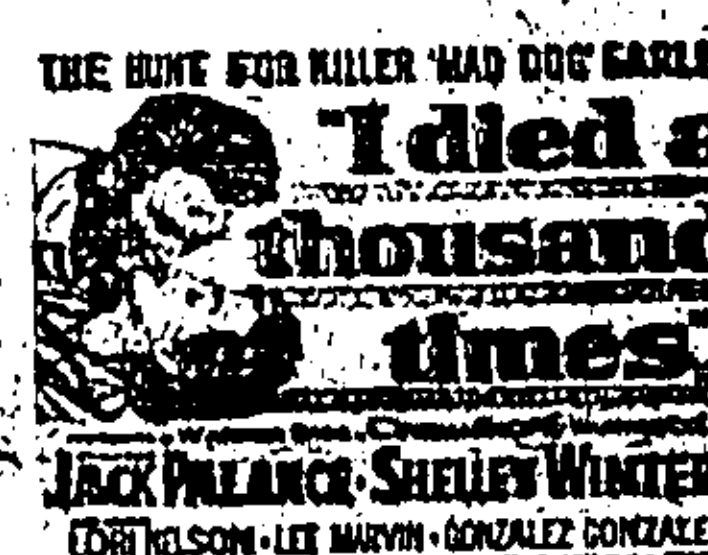
T. MASUDA'S TOKYO GRAND REVUE



Revised Admission:
Orch. \$4.70, M.S. \$3.50, B.S. \$2.40
Logo \$4.50 & \$3.50, Dress Circle \$1.20
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT — BOOK EARLY

CAPOLFITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



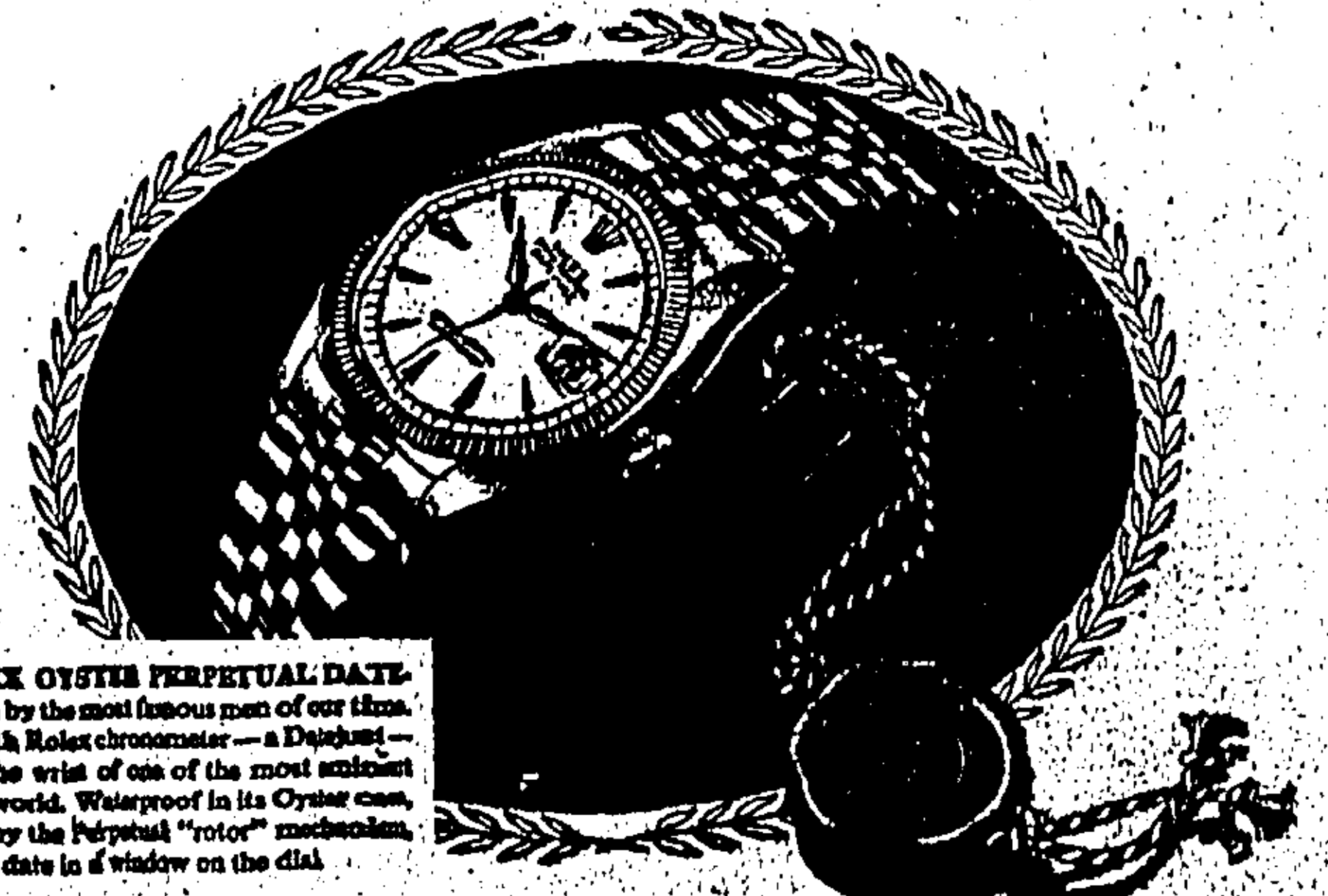
Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST"
with Dean Martin
Jerry Lewis

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Morning Show
"THE ROAD TO DENVER"
In Tricolor

An event unique in the history of watchmaking The 250,000th ROLEX CHRONOMETER!



THE ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL DATE—JUST, was by the most famous man of our time. The 250,000th Rolex chronometer—a Day-Date—is now on the wrist of one of the most eminent men in the world. Waterproof in its Oyster case, self-wound by the perpetual "rotor" mechanism, it shows the date in a window on the dial.

The Rolex Day-Date is attached to a watch chain that it has obtained an Official Timing Certificate from a Swiss Government Testing Station, with the proof of its chronometer.

Facts & Figures —

The Swiss Watch Industry During 1953 Produced . . .

33,030,000 WATCH MOVEMENTS

But only 48,628 of these won the right to the name of CHRONOMETER, of this 48,628, ROLEX produced 30,555

Year after year, Rolex have produced more Officially Certified Chronometers than any other manufacturer. Altogether, Rolex have obtained Three out of Four of all Official Timing Certificates ever awarded to Wrist-Watches.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



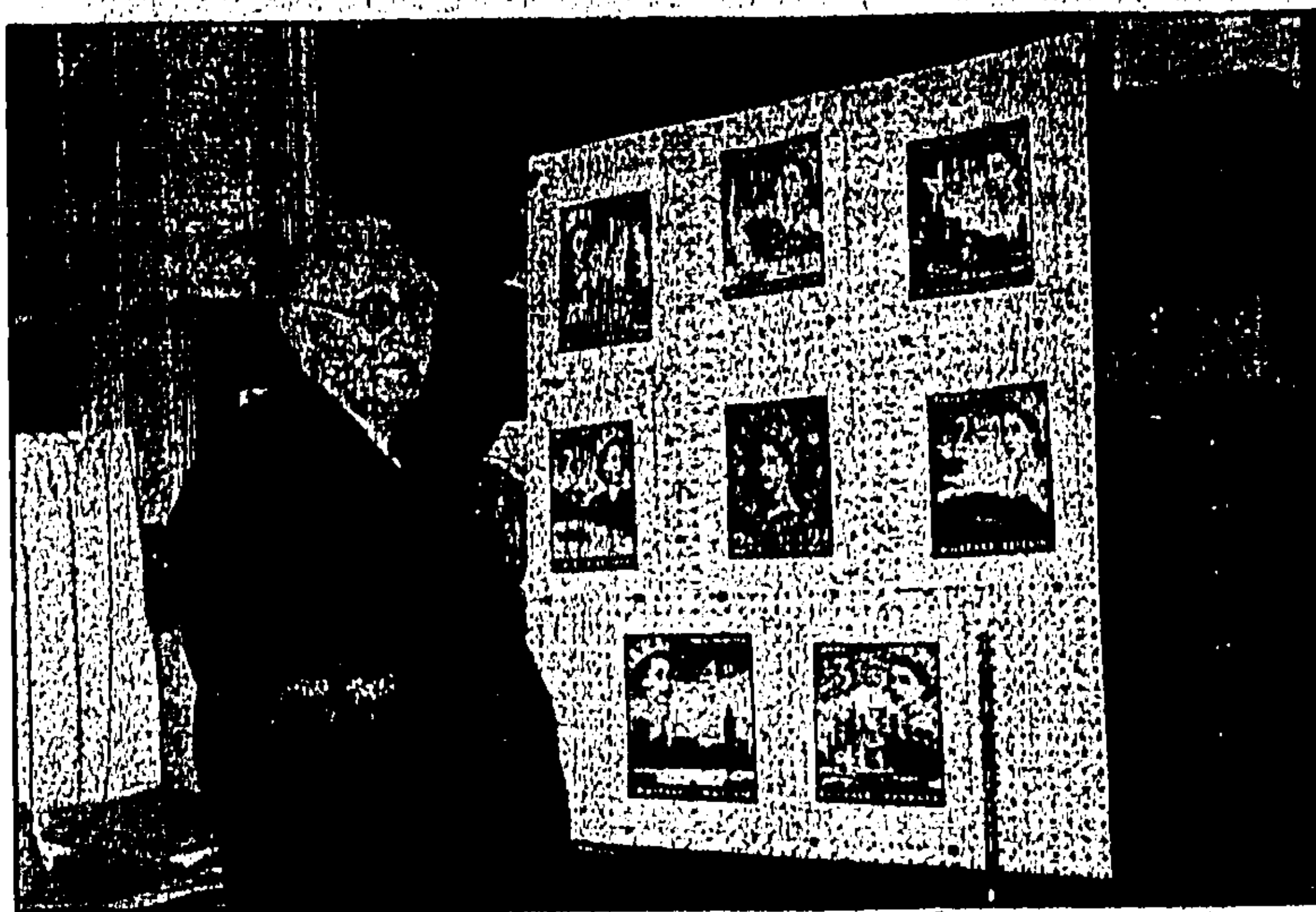
THE most expensive coming-out dance that the London season has produced to date was that held at Claridges Hotel for two 17-year-olds, Countess "Bunny" Esterhazy and Miss "Flockie" Harcourt-Smith. The cost of the dance was estimated at £10,000. There were 600 guests. "Bunny" is seen dancing with Prince Hugues de Bourbon. (Express)



LOVE and marriage, states ballerina Violetta Elvin, pictured here, have come to mean more than ballet. She is giving up dancing to marry an Italian, Ferdinando Savarese, a businessman. Miss Elvin was born Violetta Prokhorova and trained at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow. She has been married twice before. (Express)



THE new steamroller of Soviet power, said Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Foreign Secretary, consists of a great mass of technicians, technologists, business and other experts, all intended to export Communism as they export goods and services. He was addressing a Conservative rally at Oxford. (Express)



THE suggestion that Britain should introduce pictorial stamps was made in the House of Lords recently by Lord Elbank. He is seen here with some trial designs made by Mr. Charles Rang. The Lords were told that the Postmaster-General was exploring the matter. (Express)

RIGHT: Mimi Benzell, 32-year-old prima donna of New York's Metropolitan Opera, has begun a cabaret engagement in London. She broke from the Met because they would not allow her to sing in cabaret after the opera. Miss Benzell has a collection of 187 hats. (Express)



JANET HICKS, beauty queen of Braintree, shown on her return from Calcutta to England to discuss with her parents the matter of her engagement to the 26-year-old Maharajah of Mysore. She wants her father's permission to marry him. Janet getting a welcome-home kiss from her mother. (Express)

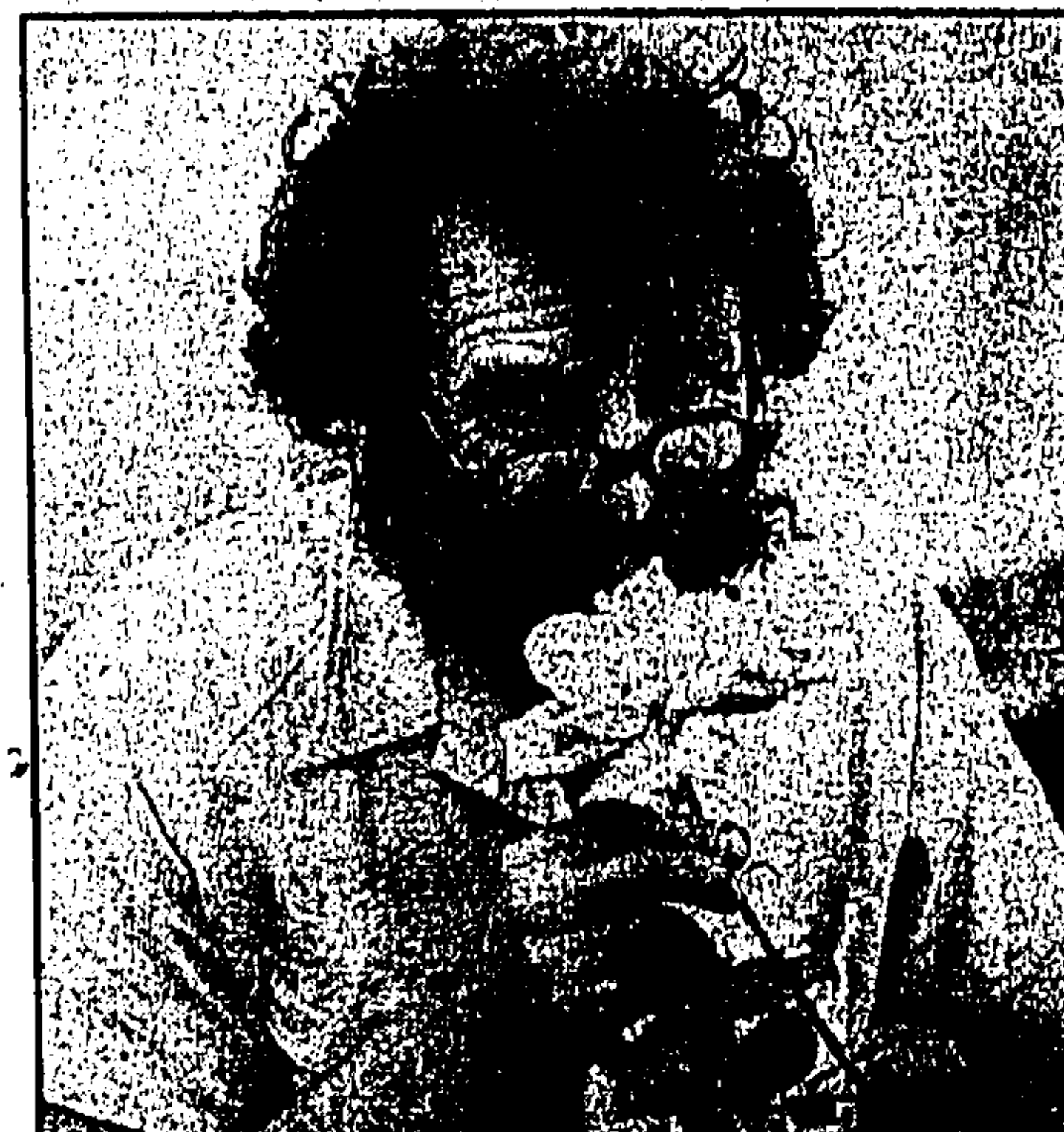


LADY PIXIE, three-year-old boxer belonging to the Telfer family of Hammersmith, with 14 of her litter of 16 puppies who survived. Mrs. Telfer says her housekeeping bill has gone up a lot, since she has had to get extra milk and vitamin foods both for the mother and the young. (Express)



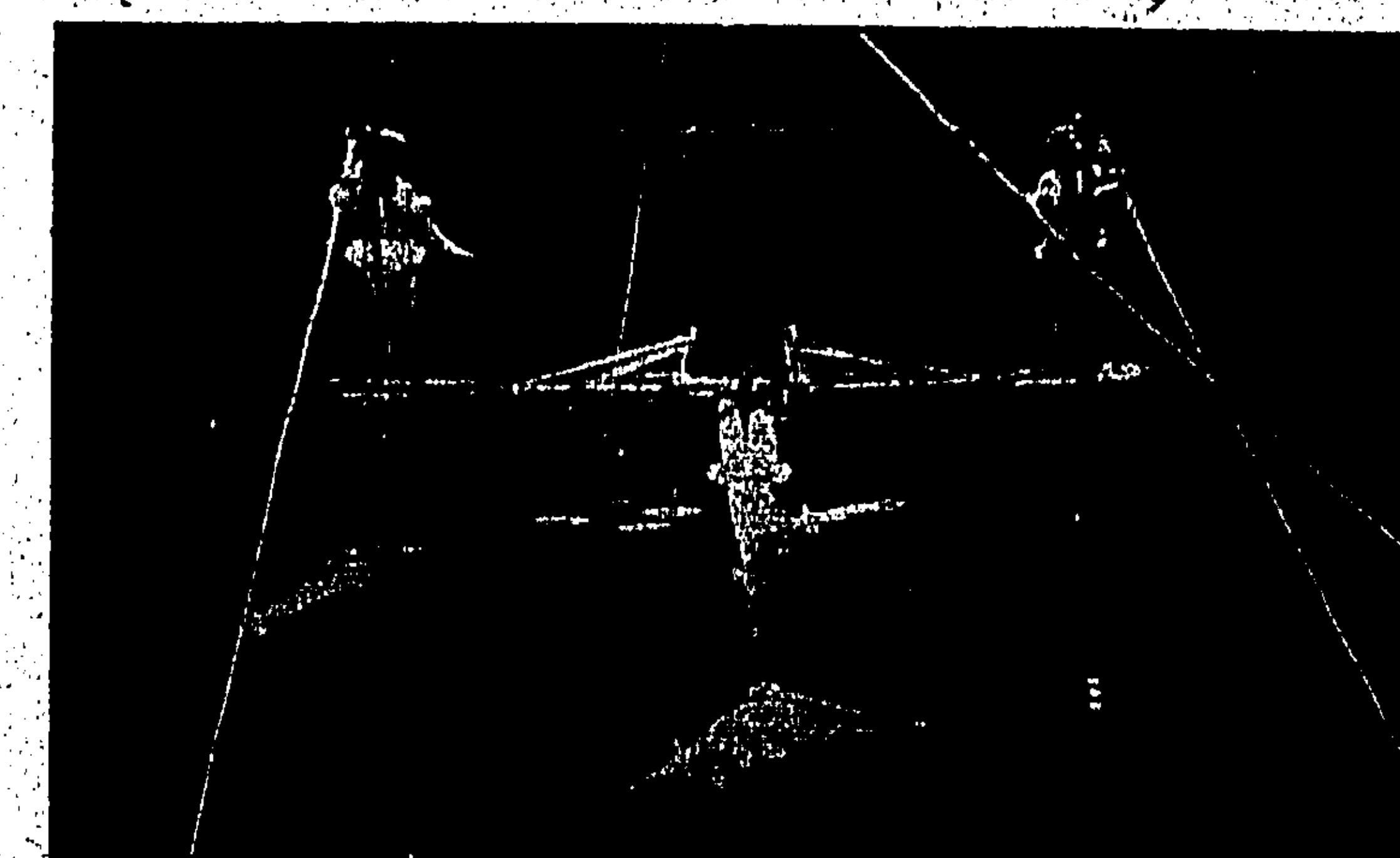
LEO VALENTIN, the birdman, who plummeted 8,000 feet to his death on Whit Monday at Liverpool because his balsam wood wings did not function and his parachute did not open. The 37-year-old Frenchman could fly through the air and delay descent by moving his wings like a bird. (Express)

RIGHT: Harry Wheatcroft takes a deep whiff of the rose he exhibited at the Chelsea Flower Show. He called it the Grace de Monaco, in honour of the girl whose name used to be Kelly. Some blooms were eight inches across, and had a strong perfume. (Express)

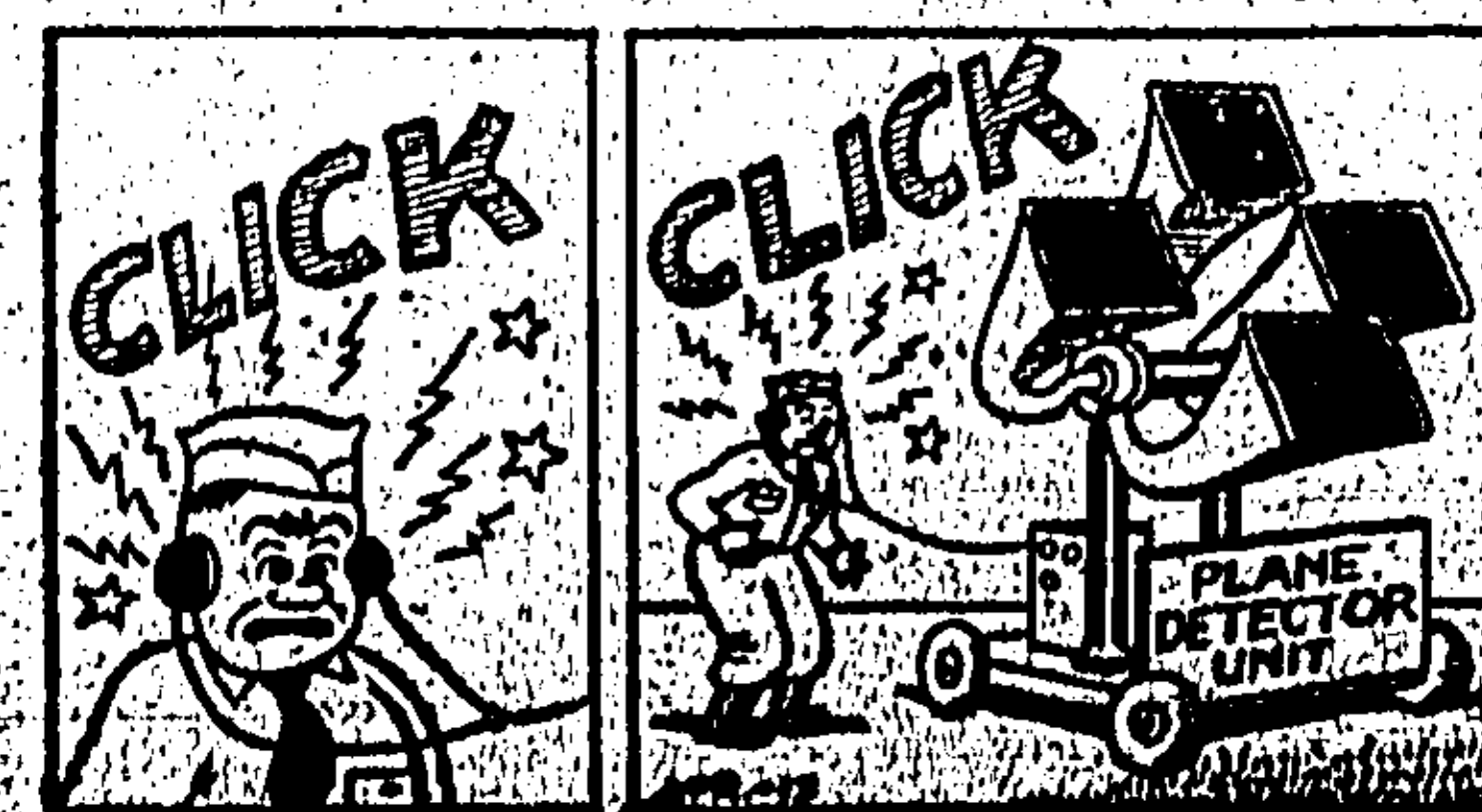


BOER War veteran, 80-year-old Sergeant Frederick Simms, a Chelsea Pensioner, shown embroidering (at which he is quite expert) at the "History in Embroidery" exhibition at the Chelsea Royal Hospital. (Express)

BELOW: Aerialists of the Moscow State Circus, which has opened a season at Harringay Arena in London. More than 25,000 people saw the circus on the first day. It will run for three weeks, and then go on tour. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



LIFE BEGINS AT 100

By FRANK HILLINGDON

MUCH has been written about being "too old at 40" and "how to stave off old age," but to many lusty centenarians life only begins at 100.

From Castle Dale, Utah, came a report recently of a lively lady who danced seven polkas on her 100th birthday; and in Washington, an eager gentleman obtained a job in a machine shop at the age of 102.

In Hamble, England, a firm of ladder manufacturers engaged a travelling salesman aged 104. A Londoner saw his first cinema show at 100, and in Des Moines, Iowa, a happy old gentleman took out a licence to get married at 113.

Students of longevity who maintain that one should "age up at 40" must have been a little shattered by the activities of Mr. Henry McDermott, of Masterton, New Zealand. At the age of 99 he built himself a four-roomed cottage. He wanted to be sure of "some comfort in my old age."

FATHER AT 106

Mrs. A. G. Kent, a sprightly old lady of Ashford, Kent, was a lover of classical music, and played the piano regularly at 101. Her husband, of Mombasa, Kenya, had even more impressive claims to fame. When he died in 1953, at the age of 126, he had been married four times and had 12 children. His last child was born when he was 100.

The Soviet Republic of Abkhazi is renowned for its many centenarians. There were no fewer than 3,702 of them recorded at the 1936 census.

The noted French scientist, Andre Laborde, who visited the area some time ago, believed that the prime causes were the water and air of the locality.

How does a person live to be 100? Enough formulas have been written to fill a newspaper. Some interesting light on the subject, however, was shed by a census conducted in Bulgaria. The circumstances under which 158 centenarians reached their ages were studied.

ALL PEASANTS

It will be discouraging to city dwellers to learn that the old ones were all peasants. Most of them dwelt in the mountainous districts, where life is harder than in the plains. They had toiled all their lives, from morning to evening, wrestling scanty food from the none too fertile soil in an inhospitable climate.

All the centenarians were a little below medium size, but very sturdy. Most of them married between 20 and 25. A 102-year-old woman had married five times. Their average number of children was seven. Only 12 of the centenarians could read and write. About 85 percent of them were vegetarians, 80 percent liked to have a drop of alcohol now and then, and 90 percent never smoked.



"I'm off duty in ten minutes when I shall show Davy Crockett here who's King of the Wild Frontier."

London Express Service

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES.... By DUDLEY POPE

WHO KILLED THE DUCHESS?

THE bare facts are that the beautiful but plump Duchess de Praslin was found dead in her bedroom at the fashionable No. 55, Rue Faubourg-St. Honore at 5 a.m. on August 17, 1847.

She had been brutally murdered. The identity of her killer shocked the French aristocracy—although the revolutionaries rubbed their hands gleefully; he was a friend of Louis Philippe, whose shaky crown was given a nasty jolt by the scandals that followed.

Louis Philippe had followed Charles X to the throne. Charles had been a firm believer in the divine right of kings, a belief not shared by his people, who forced him to abdicate.

Louis, when he took the crown, tried to be a liberal. But one man was not very hopeful of the result—

Alexandre Dumas, the famous novelist. The Crown rested on the "aristocracy of ownership," he wrote, and because of that it would fall. The aristocracy, he added, was "each day sapped by internal dissensions."

Dissensions like the Praslin affair, for instance. It happened when the people were beginning to realise Louis was building himself into an absolute ruler; when mutterings of rebellion could be heard on the street corners and the people were condemning the excesses of the Court and the extravagances of the aristocracy.

It was in this atmosphere that the Duke and Duchess de Praslin engaged a new governess for their children, Mile Henrietta Deluz. The woman that arrived at the Praslin house, 55, Rue Faubourg-St. Honore, in March, 1841, had a strange personality—for a governess.

TEMPESTUOUS

A friend of Victor Hugo's described her later as "one of those women who have more intelligence than feeling. She is capable of follies, not from passion but from egotism."

She was not beautiful; her attractiveness was in her personality. Her mouth was just a shade too big, her face was too square; but at 28 she was clear-headed.

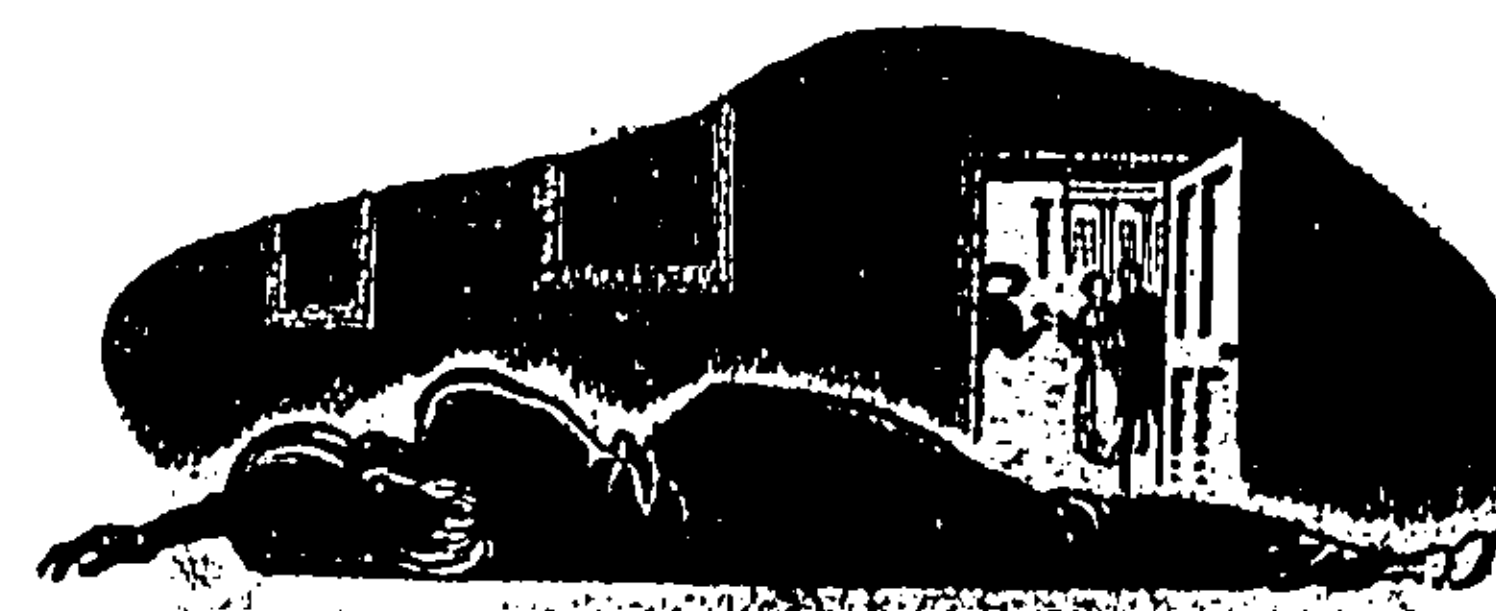
The Praslin household was a stormy one. The Duchess was a dark-eyed, full-lipped and tempestuous Corsican daughter of a proud soldier, Marshal Sebastiani.

As a young girl living on her father's estate at Olmetta, in Corsica, Fanny Sebastiani had everything—beauty, money and intelligence—except social standing.

So her shrewd father found her an aristocrat, Charles Louis de Praslin, Duke de Praslin. Sebastiani money was needed for the Praslin estates and the Praslin family was in need of a brilliant young man. A bargain was struck, and they were married.

FELL IN LOVE

It was unfortunate for her that Fanny fell in love with her husband, a flaxen-haired, clear-shaven man of medium height. Opinions about him vary. To some people he was good-looking and charming; to others, like Victor Hugo, he had "a very gentle, but a very false, manner." He was a villainous, selfish man. He is a fair, tall man; washed out, like an Englishman. He always has the air of being about to say something which he never does say.



In her luxurious apartment, Fanny, Duchess de Praslin, had been brutally stabbed.....

Fanny was a passionate woman with violent emotions—especially in her love for her husband. She was jealous of everyone and everything about him; jealous, some people said, of his affection for his own children. (They had nine in all, eleven years.) And the Duke was tired of her.

She was especially jealous of Mile Deluz who had, within a short while of arriving in the Praslin household, managed to get complete control of the children. In doing so she saw a lot of the Duke, who was very fond of them and spent a good deal of time in the nursery.

Did they, over the years, Mile Deluz spent at No. 55, Rue Faubourg-St. Honore, fall in love with each other? That will never be known for certain, but the Duchess—perhaps not unreasonably—suspected it. She had quarrelled after quarrel with her husband over the governess who was to leave her mark in history.

The trouble really started when the Duke took the children to the opera. Mile Deluz went, too. Perhaps it was quite innocent, and perhaps later visits to the theatre were just as innocent.

INFATUATED?

But tongues wag, especially in the Paris of Louis Philippe, children. In doing so she saw a lot of the Duke, who was very fond of them and spent a good deal of time in the nursery.

To have seduced "Mile D." would have been to admit guilt. Was that why she stayed for another four years? Or was it that the Duke was infatuated with her? Anyway, the situation proved on the mind of the Duchess and she was positive to do something—until the autumn of 1847.

Then the newspapers started a campaign, using the "Mile D." affair as a weapon with which to batter the Court and Louis Philippe. At the same time a disgruntled servant, who had been sacked to make room for the new governess, told all she knew about the Praslin household.

less, and there was no chance of another position since she had been the target of the gossip for so many months.

She went to stay with friends. And the Duke visited her with the children. The last time was on the evening of August 16, when the family returned from a visit to the country. Did the children ask the Duke to take them to say so their adored ex-governess?

tried only by his pen. And that provided Louis Philippe with a pretty problem. If he signed the warrant and the Duke was found guilty it would provide the revolutionaries with violent propaganda the middle of August, when the Duke was found not guilty the revolutionaries would ask the Duke to take them to say so the evidence had been faked.

Finally he signed the warrant. At the same time Mile Deluz was taken to the Court, charged with the murder, and questioned. The police could see in her a motive for murder; they also wanted to prove she was an accomplice.

At 2.30 a.m. on the day after the murder the Duke, looking violently ill, claimed servants sent for Dr. Louis, the Praslin's family doctor. He found the Duke in bed, with four policemen in the room. He reported later:

"I noticed his condition. It was terrible. The symptoms gave evidence of cholera or poison. People accuse me of not having said at once 'He is poisoned.' That would have betrayed him and ruined him. Poisoning is a tacit confession of guilt... The Duke suffered terribly, but exhibited the greatest fortitude...."

ARSENIC?

On Tuesday, August 20, he was arrested and moved to the Luxembourg Palace to be tried by the Court of Peers. He was put to bed. Four days later he died, and on August 30 the Court of Peers met to clear themselves of any blame attaching to the Duke's suicide and to hear the Duke's doctor describe his last dramatic interview with Praslin. It began at 10 a.m.

"You are in great pain, my dear friend?" asked Deaze.

"Yes."

"It is your own fault. Why did you poison yourself?"

The Duke de Praslin did not reply.

"You have taken arsenic?"

"Yes."

"This is the time, for the sake of your family, your memory, your children, to speak. You confess to having taken poison. It is not to be supposed that an innocent person would deprive his nine children... of their father, when their mother is already mad. You are guilty, then?"

CROWN LOST

The Duke, petting with agony, did not reply.

"At least you gave your crime," Deaze continued. "I beg of you to say if you deplore it?"

Praslin, lifted up his hands in a gesture of despair. "I deplore it!"

"Then confess. Do you wish to see the Chancellery?"

"I am ready."

"Well, then, I will go and inform him."

But Praslin still wanted to delay. "No," he said, "I am too weak today. Tell him to come tomorrow."

That afternoon he died. He was buried in a grave marked only by a lead label on which was written the prison number—1047.

Within a year Louis Philippe had to England, his crown lost for ever; Mile Deluz, greatly vexed to America; and in the noise of the Revolution all was nearly forgotten.

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THE CHINA MAIL OFFERS YOU HERE A SOPHISTICATED THRILLER—BEGINNING TODAY

Diamonds are Forever

by
IAN FLEMING

JAMES BOND picked up the jeweller's glass from the desk and managed to fix it securely into the socket of his right eye.

Although it was late July and the room was bright with sunshine, M had switched on his desk light and tilted it so that it shone straight at Bond.

Bond picked up the brilliant-cut stone and held it to the light. As he turned it between his fingers, all the colours of the rainbow flashed back at him from its mesh of facets until his eye was tired with the dazzle.

He took out the jeweller's glass and tried to think of something appropriate to say. M looked at him quizzically.

"Please stone?"

"Wonderful," said Bond. "It must be worth a lot of money."

"A few pounds for the cutting," said M dryly. "It's a bit of quartz. Now then, let's try again."

Bond picked up the second sample.

He screwed the glass back into his eye and held the stone. It was a stone, up to the light.

★ ★ ★

THIS time, he thought, there could be no doubt about it. This stone also had the 32 facets above and the 24 below of the brilliant-cut, and it was also about 20 carats, but what he now held had a heart of blue-white flame, and the infinite colours reflected and refracted out of its depths lanced into his eye like needles.

With his left hand he picked up the quartz dummy and held it beside the diamond in front of his glass. It was a lifeless chunk of matter, almost opaque

beside the dazzling translucence of the diamond, and the rainbow colours he had seen a few minutes before were now coarse and muddy.

Bond put down the piece of quartz and gazed again into the heart of the diamond. Now he could understand the passion that diamonds had inspired through the centuries, the almost sexual love they aroused among those who handled them and cut them and traded in them. It was domination by a beauty so pure that it held a kind of truth, a divine authority before which all other material things faded, like the bit of quartz, to clay.

In these few minutes Bond understood the myth of diamonds, and he knew that he would never forget what he had suddenly seen inside the heart of this stone.

M sat back in his chair. "That's what Jacoby meant when I had lunch with him the other day at the Diamond Corporation," he said. "He said that if I was going to get involved in the diamond business I ought to try to understand what was really at the bottom of it all."

Meet James Bond, secret agent
Meet M, his boss
And get ready to meet a woman
you won't forget...

"Not just the billions of money involved, or the value of diamonds as a hedge against inflation, or the sentimental fashions in diamonds for engagement rings and so forth. He said one must understand the passion for diamonds."

For the next quarter of an hour M led him through the whole range of diamonds down to a wonderful series of coloured stones, ruby-red, blue, pink, yellow, green, and violet.

★ ★ ★

FINALLY, M pushed over a pocket of smaller stones, all flawed or marked or of poor colour. "Industrial diamonds. Not what they call 'gem quality.' Used in machine tools and so forth. But don't despise them. America bought £5,000,000 worth of them last year, and that's only one of the markets."

"Bronstein told me it was stones like these that were used for cutting the St Gorbard tunnel. At the other end of the scale, dentists use them for drilling your teeth. They're the hardest substance in the world. Last for ever."

Bond glanced down at his watch. It was 11.30. Bond thought with pleasure of the In-try piled with Top Secret dockets he had gladly abandoned when the red telephone had summoned him an hour before. He felt fairly confident that now he wouldn't have to deal with them.

"I guess it's a job," the Chief of Staff had said in answer to Bond's inquiry. "The Chief says he won't take any more calls before lunch and he's made an appointment for you at the Yard for two o'clock. Step on it."

★ ★ ★

AND Bond had reached for his coat and had gone into the outer office where he was pleased to see his secretary registering in another bulky file with a "Most immediate" tab.

"M," said Bond as she looked up. "And Bill says it looks like a job. So don't think you're going to have the pleasure of shovelling that lot into my In-try. You can post it all to the Daily Express for all I care. He grinned at her. "Isn't that chap Stefan Delmer a boy friend of yours, M? Just the stuff for him, I expect."

She looked at him appraisingly. "Your tie's crooked," she said coldly. "And anyway I hardly know him." She bent over her registry and Bond went out and along the corridor and thought how lucky he was to have a beautiful secretary.

There was a creak from M's chair and Bond looked across the table at the man who held a great deal of his affection and all his loyalty and obedience.

★ ★ ★

M PAUSED. "The point is," he went on unemotionally, "I've got rather a tough assignment for you."

M put his pipe down and leaned forward with his arms crossed on the desk. "I'll tell you the story and then you can decide whether you want to take it on."

"A week ago," said M, "one of the high-ups in the Treasury came to see me. Brought with him the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade. It had to do with diamonds. Seems that most of what they call 'gem quality' diamonds in the world are mined on British territory and that 90 percent of all diamond sales are carried out in London. By the Diamond Corporation."

M shrugged his shoulders. "Don't ask me why. The British got hold of the business at the beginning of the century and we've managed to hang on to it. Now it's a huge trade. Fifty million pounds a year. The biggest dollar-earner we've got."

"So when something goes wrong with it, the Government gets worried. And that's what's happened." M looked mildly across at Bond. "At least £2,000,000 worth of diamonds are being smuggled out of Africa every year."

"That's a lot of money," said Bond. "Where are they going to?"

"They say America," said M. "And I agree with them. It's by far the biggest diamond market. And those gangs of theirs are the only people who could run an operation on this scale."

"Why don't the mining companies stop it?"

"They've done everything they can," said M. "You probably saw in the papers that De Beers took on our friend Sillitoe when he left M.I.6, and he's out there good working in with the South African security people."

"I gather he's put in a pretty drastic report and come up with plenty of bright ideas for tightening things up, but the Treasury and the Board of Trade aren't very impressed. They think the thing's too big to be handled by a lot of separate mining companies, however efficient they are. And they've got one very good reason for wanting to take official action on their own."

"What's that, Sir?"

"There's a big packet of smuggled stones in London at this very moment," said M, and his eyes glittered across the desk at Bond. "Waiting to go to America. And the Special Branch know who the carrier is to be. And they know who's to go out with him to keep an eye on him."

"As soon as Ronnie Vallance came across the story—it was leaked to one of his pals in Soho, to one of his 'Ghost Squad' as he chooses to call it—he went straight off to the Treasury. The Treasury talked to the Board of Trade and then both their Ministers formed up to the P.M. And the P.M. gave them authority to use the Service."

"The only way to get to the bottom of the business is to follow the pipeline to America and see where it goes to there. And the F.B.I. won't be much help to us. I'm afraid. It's a very small part of their battle with the big-time gangs. And it's not doing any harm to the United States. Rather the reverse if anything. It's only England that's the loser. And America is outside the jurisdiction of the police and M.I.6. Only the Service can handle the job."

"Ever heard of the House of Diamonds?"

"Yes, of course, Sir," said Bond. "The big American jeweller. On West 45th Street in New York and the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. I gather they rank almost as high as Cartier and Van Cleef and Boucheron nowadays. They've come up very quickly since the war."

"Yes," said M. "Those are the people. They've got a small place in London too. Hatton-garden. Used to be very big

buyers at the monthly showings of the Diamond Corporation. But for the last three years they've bought less and less. Although, as you say, they seem to be selling more and more jewellery every year. Must be getting their diamonds from somewhere."

"It was the Treasury who brought their name up at our meeting the other day. But I can't find out anything against them. They've got one of their biggest men in charge over here. Seems odd, as they do so little business."

"Man called Rufus B. Saye. Nothing much known about him. Lives every day at the American Club in Piccadilly. Plays golf at Sunningdale. Doesn't drink or smoke. Lives at the Savoy. Model citizen."

★ ★ ★

M SHRUGGED his shoulders. "But the diamond business is a nice, well-regulated sort of family affair, and there's an impression that the House of Diamonds has an awkward look about it. Nothing more than that."

Bond decided it was time to put the 64-dollar question. "And where do I come in, Sir? I'm asked, looking across the desk into M's eyes."

"You've got an appointment with Vallance at the Yard in an hour. He's going to start you off. They're going to put in this carrier tonight and put you into the pipeline instead of him."

Bond's fingers curled softly round the arms of his chair. "And then?"

"And then," said M matter-of-factly, "you're going to smuggle those diamonds into America. At least, that's the idea. What do you think of it?"

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"Diamonds are Forever," by Ian Fleming, is published by Capt at 12s. 6d.

TURNING POINT OF POLICY

Britain Will Not Retreat Further

By JAMES WICKENDEN

OUTSIDE Cyprus the violence sparks high feeling. But among the island's ripening corn fields, the yellow mustard and waving poppies, there is usually a dreamy quiet.

In the dusty lanes Cypriot youths with close clipped hair sit astride plodding donkeys, staring at an occasional Land Rover speeding past with a wire netting stretched over the back to stop bombs.

Many troops are seen but they move about with cheerful faces, guarding small camps in beautiful scenery. In the towns there are more signs of the unseen war—shattered shops and empty streets. But except for the flashes of violence the air of Mediterranean languor still prevails.

Only at the airport is the atmosphere permanently efficient and military. Wire netting and grilles are everywhere, bayonets and tracker dogs, regulations and searches.

Since late in 1955 when the military forces were reorganised and the EOKA challenge taken up, the chief suffering of the island has been economic.

Gently Smoking

The slowing of trade has affected shopkeepers more than others. But many householders on the island see little difference to their previous life.

This contrast of sporadic ferocity with the rural calm and apologetic panorama of the changing season on the farms is reflected in Britain too.

For the Cyprus issue has become normal in British politics, smoking gently like an enfeebled volcano that everyone feels sure will never now explode.

The chief reason for this is the wearing effect of time itself in which there has been no effective means of challenging the government's policy.

Another reason has been a deep-seated and growing mood

of retrenchment in political thinking, a slumber of ideas and an awakening of the traditional British firmness, in all ranks of Britain.

Both aspects were displayed in the recent debate on Cyprus. The Labour Party, so recently on the war path after Eden, was quiet. Their chief spokesman, Hugh Gaitskell, did not speak, reserving his force for the frogman debate.

It was left to Mr R. T. Fagot, Q.C., Labour, to voice a more Tory sentiment than even Eden's backbenchers had proclaimed. It was the government's duty, he said, "to govern and have the guts to govern."

In those words he put simply the core of many of the policies formed in the back rooms of Tory life since the war. It was warmly applauded on both sides of the House.

Time To Stop

So this may mark a turning point, and it would be wise for those outside of Britain to note well. The retreat from her interests has so long been a feature of British policy abroad that a time has come to stop.

So the House seemed to say. The same mood coloured the negotiations on Singapore, in which the Colonial Secretary took a hard-headed but not hard-hearted attitude towards Mr Marshall.

This does not mean that no further attempt will be made to solve the Cyprus deadlock. There are already signs that an approach may be made through NATO, on which Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd is now engaged in discussion.

The possibility still exists of fresh consultations with Turkey and then with Greece. But the keynote from the British point of view will be realism. The value of Cyprus to Britain and also to the West will not be obscured by the actions of those who would break European unity. It is now at least certain that Britain will uphold that value and, until a better arrangement emerges, will stay to govern in Cyprus.

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ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY

WORRIED ABOUT YOUR TONGUE?

By CEDRIC CARNE

WHEN Mr Gibbs put out his tongue I noticed it was furred. "Are you in the habit of looking at your tongue?" I asked. "Oh, yes, doctor. I always examine it. I know it's the scoreboard of health. And that's why I've asked you to come to see me—it's been coated now, on and off, for some time. Of course, I wouldn't be worried if I had some digestive upset. But I haven't. I just can't account for this coated tongue."

Mr Gibbs's association of furred tongue with digestive upsets is a common one, though not based on fact. Nor is a furred tongue linked with constipation, as almost everybody believes. "Well, I know many mouth-breathers have coated tongues," said Mr Gibbs.

"True," I said. "Also smokers tend to have furred tongues."

I examined them and found them in excellent condition. "In any case," I said, "it is known that dental decay, even with gross, does not produce furring of the tongue."

But Mr Gibbs wanted to have something done with him. I know he would go from doctor to doctor with his furred tongue and spend as much money on quick remedies as it would cost to buy his wife a fur coat. I suggested that the furring was probably the result of smoking.

"I don't smoke, doctor," he said triumphantly.

"Then it can be related to your diet," I answered. "Especially if you eat overcooked and soft foods. Whatever the reason, it just doesn't matter."

He still looked doubtful. "As a matter of fact," I continued, "I have a furred tongue myself."

But I kept my tongue in my cheek. (COPYRIGHT)

NOT A CAUSE

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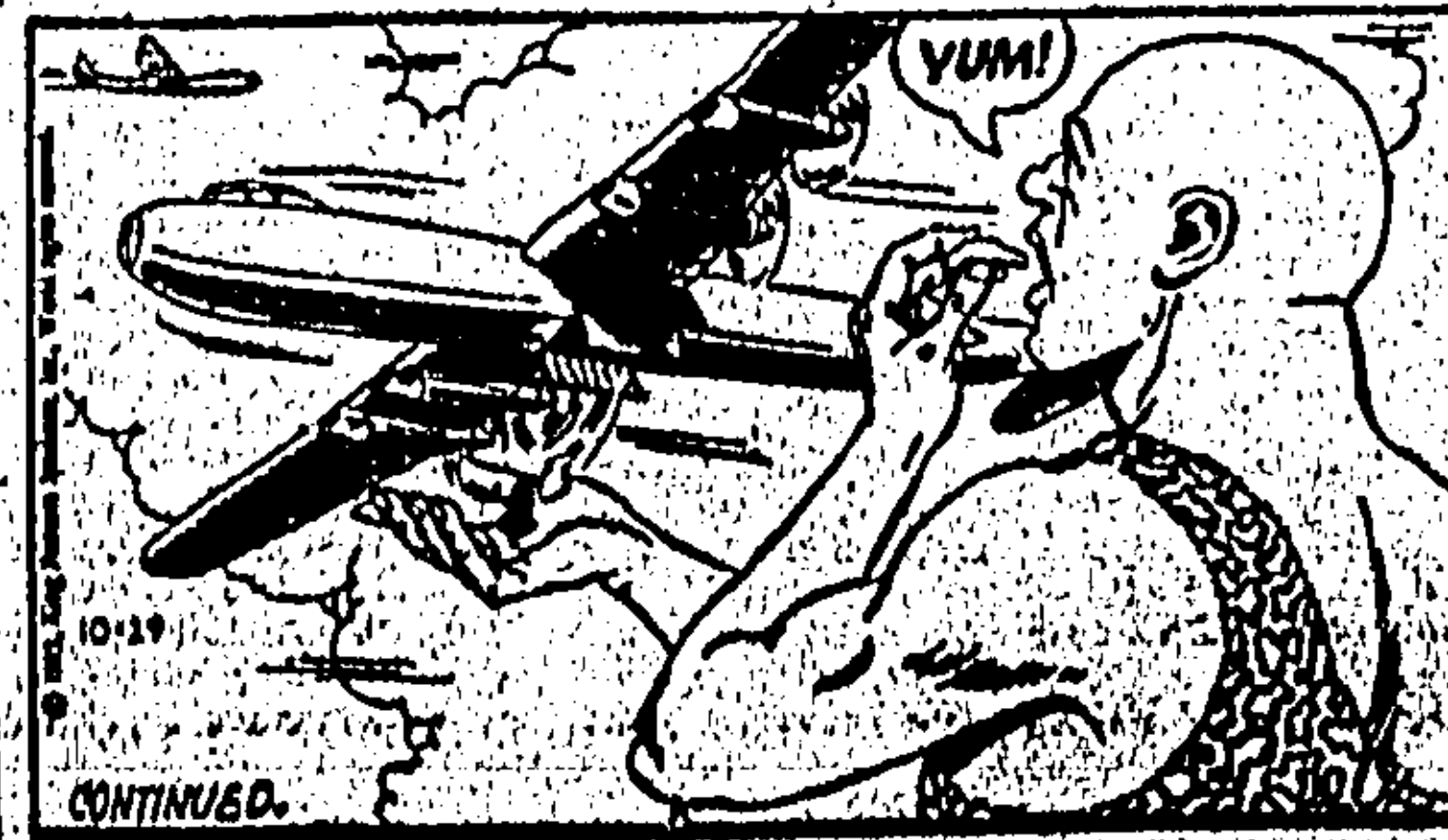
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But I kept my tongue in my cheek. (COPYRIGHT)

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



LIFE WITH ALLEN GIVING UP SMOKING

By Gerald Allen

LAST week, I decided to give up smoking. All that was required was a little will power, I told myself, and I should save pounds a year—enough to buy two new suits. It seemed incredible that I'd never thought of the idea before.

When the other fellows on the train heard about it, they were inclined to chaff me. They said it was only the first morning and my resolution wouldn't last long. But I could see that they were secretly impressed. Scott, at the office, but me I couldn't keep it up. I laughed.

"Easy as kissing your hand," I said. "Just a matter of will power. This first day will be the worst. After that, the craving will just fade away."

"Got a craving already?" Scott asked.

"Certainly not. But if I had one, it would fade. Logical." "It need to be mappy about it," said Scott.

THAT'S just like Scott. He's a weak type himself and when he recognises determination in other people, he doesn't like it, and accuses them of being mappy. Fortunately, I felt so sure of myself that I didn't much fancy my supper and Molly was a bit short-tempered with me. Good thing I wasn't nerry as well, or we might have had a serious rift.

AS it was, I just got straight up from the table, put on my overcoat, and dug in the garden by moonlight for an hour. When I came in, Molly had gone into a neighbour's for the rest of the evening and the fire was out.

Next day, I felt a bout of flu coming on, and thanked my stars I was fit enough to have a good chance of shaking it off. me and asked if I was feeling steady. I said I was fine. He said I looked fagged.

When he heard about my new resolution, the boss gave a nasty sniff and said he hoped I made it. Difficult type, the boss. Then he told me that the letter I'd written was baldheaded, and a few other things that seemed to me unnecessary. I such a bluffer, I lost my temper,

suspected he wasn't feeling quite up to the mark—been smoking, too much, probably—but maintained a dignified silence.

That evening, I didn't feel too grand, and Molly and I had words. Next morning, I awoke with a nasty taste in my mouth, and felt glad I'd stopped smoking. My tongue looked awful, as it was.

THE chaps on the train were full of childish jokes, and even Lucas, a very sensible type as a rule, refused to believe I was already feeling the benefit of my abstention.

On the way to the office I bought some wine gums to chew, and that was Scott had to ask whether I'd swapped spoking for drink. The sweets were quite nice but a bit insipid, so I sent out for some stronger ones. By lunchtime, I'd eaten a pound and a half of them.

The boss was in quite a good mood for once, and asked if I was sticking to my resolution. He said he was thinking of giving up smoking himself. I told Scott, who said that was the last straw—would had quite enough to put up with already in the last two days. I ignored him and went on eating some biscuits I'd bought at midday.

Strangely enough, I still felt hungry at the end of the day, and had a sandwich and a glass of beer on the way home, with the result that I didn't much fancy my supper and Molly was a bit short-tempered with me. Good thing I wasn't nerry as well, or we might have had a serious rift.

EVERY damned thing went wrong. The boss was infuriating and Scott was worse. Asked if I was shattering on escaped convict in my desk, because I kept sending the boy out for buns and sweets.

"Much better give the poor devil a steak and onions," he said.

I'd no sooner told him to shut up than the office boy started complaining that it wasn't his job to run my errands all day. Three kids think they can get away with murder nowadays. They don't know what work is. Scott said the kid was right, and we nearly came to blows. We were all howling our heads off when the boss came in and asked if we'd gone mad. He seemed to think I was the cause of all the trouble.

On the way home, I felt so ill I thought I'd better get the doctor to give me the once over. After waiting two hours in the queue, I eventually got to see him. He went through the usual usual listening and thumping performance, and announced: "Not much wrong with you. Just cut down smoking."

Just to prove doctors don't know what they're talking about, I've been chain-smoking ever since, and I've never felt better in my life.

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Continuing 'DEADLINE & DATELINE', the INSIDE STORIES of ROVING REPORTER RENE MacCOLL



MacARTHUR'S AMAZING 'LAST ACT'

It was a lovely April day when I flew to New York to Washington as the story broke. I hadn't much chance to dwell on it, though, because—as usual with the relentless timetables in America—operating time was remarkably scarce.

I was around 2 p.m. when I landed (7 p.m. in London, and I could hear them asking one another where the big MacArthur story was).

As I always do in the U.S.A., especially when I am going to have to work fast, I talked to everyone I came in contact with on the MacArthur thing.

I talked to the taxi-man in New York, the barman who served me a dry martini, the stewardess, the congressman sitting next to me in the plane, the redcap at Washington airport, and the taxi-man who drove me across the Potomac to the National Press Building.

There I hurried along to Room 1001, the Daily Express, and was greeted by our then Washington man, Sydney ("Bill") Smith, and put through four telephone calls, three to Americans, one to an Englishman.

BY good fortune all four men were available. All talked—informatively, tersely, revealingly. 2.55–7.55 in London. Then a quick flip through the Washington evening papers.

I started to write at 3.08. It was all away at 3.31. It was all right.

Next day I caught the plane for San Francisco, where MacArthur was due to arrive for his first showdown on American soil after all those years. I got in around 7 a.m. after one of those uncomfortable nights in airplane seats. I checked in at the Fairmont, and got a "situation" story off for the early edition. San Francisco has only one thing wrong with it; there is an eight-hour time-lag with London and that is really frightening. It means that by the time you are starting your breakfast, they are starting to look around for the copy in Fleet Street. MacArthur was due in British that evening. I went over to the City Hall for my temporary passes and

It was April 1951 when the news hit the headlines. President Truman had sacked General Douglas MacArthur and ordered him home from Tokyo. The man who had become a legend in his own lifetime was officially in disgrace.

MacArthur's career, after the fearful defeat at Bataan, captured the imagination of America. He swore to return and, slowly at first, then faster, his armies crashed back across the Pacific to retake the Philippines, seize Okinawa and then poised for the kill. It was vengeance in the classic tradition.

MacArthur, the man who loved the trappings who believed in power, took over the running of Japan. He became an absolute—but, of course, benevolent—dictator.

Then came the war in Korea. MacArthur wanted to bomb Chinese territory. Truman said No. A clash was inevitable.

credentials to help one get through the crowds next day then had another session with my typewriter.

This time I wrote a feature piece and I handed it to Western Union with instructions to let it roll any time after midnight. That way London would have something to be getting on with early next day, while I was grappling with the running story.

But it looked a bit dubious about handling that running story, MacArthur, we were told, would head a procession through the streets, go to City Hall for a brief exchange of speeches, then drive to the airport and take off for Washington.

The problem was to write our stories of the next day's doings and then fling ourselves on to Washington-bound flights in time to get to the capital for the morning after that, when MacArthur was to address a joint session of Congress.

I looked almost impossible according to existing air schedules, but finally John O'Donnell, of the New York Daily News, advised me to go and see an official of American Airlines at the hotel.

This turned out to be the genial chief P.R.O. of the company, and over a drink from the well-stocked bar in his room he assured me that there was nothing in the world to worry about. Have another drink. Have a cigar. He waved his hand like a magician.

Darkness had fallen when Freddie Cook, then New York correspondent of the Evening Standard, and I reached the airport by taxi. A huge crowd of reporters and almost as many photographers had gathered. A guard of honour was drawn up.

Finally the MacArthur plane appeared, circled, landed, taxied, stopped. Floodlights bathed it lividly. A huge cheer came from the crowd watching at a distance. MacArthur walked stiffly down the ramp and saluted as the band went into its stuff. That was the last moment of seamstress.

The photographers went surging into the fray. They shouted beseechingly or yelled commands. "Hey, General!" "No, this way, General!" "General—salute again!" "Kneel down and be touching the earth, General!" "Spread out your arms!" "Cover your face with your hand!" "The great big smile!" "No—this way, General!"

Pandemonium and chaos loomed for victory. The inspection of the guard of honour was one of the most amazing knockabout turns I have witnessed.

The unruly mob of cameramen fought its way down the line just ahead of MacArthur, stumbling backwards, knocking into one another and occasionally falling over. MacArthur was forced to proceed at a most unvoluntary gait.

But he maintained his dignity and poise very well in the circumstances. He seemed unaware of the uproar.

Next morning the procession through the streets produced another wild orgy.

Just ahead of us we could see MacArthur's car being constantly slowed up or stopped by the jostling crowds.

Finally we reached City Hall with more massed citizens, and the mayor started a speech of welcome.

The P.R.O. magician from the day before now appeared,

and informed us that Western Union had set up a temporary Press room for us at the airport, but the snag was that we should have very little time between our arrival at the airport and our taking-off for Washington. The only thing for it was to try to dash the story off during the drive to the field.

Three minutes later, and MacArthur's speech was over. Then the action started.

All those film scenes you've seen of hurtling cars and whizzing police motor-bikes with sirens going all-out came true. Headed by the general, our motorcade hit 80 miles an hour and never flagged. We were along the broad cement boulevard, the cops on their motor-bikes giving us a drumbeat escort.

I shuffled some copy-paper on to my knee and started to write, praying that the Western Union man would be able to decipher my longhand scrawl.

Now the P.R.O. begins to tip the full extent of his remarkable hand. We see off MacArthur, whose plane sets off for Washington.

Then we are taken over to where there stands a charter plane. Ours. And no ordinary plane. It is a DC 6-B, at that time a brand-new type and not yet in regular service.

Presently the P.R.O. comes over for a talk, and I ask him how long after MacArthur he calculates we shall reach Washington.

"Well, I'll let you into a little secret," he replies. "We figure to arrive in Washington ahead of him."

"But he left half an hour before we did, and he's in a fast army plane."

"It doesn't matter. We'll be there first."

Things are cleared up when the pilot explains over the intercom, that we are setting up for a non-stop flight between San Francisco and Washington. A cheer goes up—and another toast down.

We did reach Washington about 40 minutes before MacArthur, and we were in the Press gallery of the Congress to hear him make his "Old Soldiers never die" speech.

NEXT SATURDAY:
The Duchess of Windsor
Baffled Me

Read this sobering report from an experienced reporter in Moscow. Blank indicate the size of censorship cuts.

WHAT IS THE MAN IN MOSCOW SAYING NOW?

By SYDNEY SMITH

FROM the windows of my hotel room I can see a squat, sinister block of polished red granite in Red Square, Moscow, where, side by side in darkness except for dim, red spotlights—lie the Maker and the later Master of Russia.

Thirty-four years have not changed the very little half-smile on the face of Lenin.

Three years have not changed the grim, bitter, and sardonic expression on the fleshy, heavy-lowered, peck-marked face of his companion, Joseph Stalin.

They look like tomb mates. From my same room at night, when the turrets and gilded towers of the pink stone-walled Kremlin become a part of the blackness, the great illuminated red stars on their spires seem to hang alone in the Moscow sky.

They, like the tomb, are vastly impressive. The tomb and the stars are symbols of something we want to know. How the nation of Russia been finally buried in that red granite tomb—replaced by the Russian New Look?

A NUMBER of vastly astonishing things are happening in Russia now almost every day. Anyone who interprets them as a softening or weakening of the Party rules or doctrine, or the waning of popular support by the new Russian firms, is one hundred percent wrong.

Some remarkable decrees have been passed by the Supreme Soviet. The major ones are these:—

● The Cominform, the Kremlin world-wide informative and service, successor to the international revolutionary Comintern, was dissolved in the middle of April.

● In widely published orders in all Russian newspapers it has been decreed that summary trials are ended; rights of search and arrest by the secret police have been chopped off; defence lawyers must be present at interrogations.

● Trials from now on must be held in open court, instead of behind closed police courts.

All civil and criminal, as well as treasonable, actions must be tried openly under the judicial system—a perfectly sound one—

A very large cut here

● Orders have gone out from the Kremlin that Soviet M.P.s—members of the Supreme Soviet—are now compelled to return to their constituencies to find out what their electors think at least twice a year. This never happened before.

Usually it worked the other way round—they went to Moscow to vote unanimously in the pole cream and white-and-gold-domed Assembly building inside the Kremlin.

● Thirty million Soviet workers were given freedom to choose or quit their jobs without becoming official criminals. Instead of the threat of five years' prison, they were just

asked to give two weeks' notice by fellow-workers.

● And then the Kremlin announced the demobilisation of 1,200,000 men, the closing of many military schools, the moth-balling of 375 navy ships, and offered to go even further if the West would do the same.

★ ★ ★ AND what does all this mean? Well—this

In the three intervening years the leaders of Russia have found that the Russian people are with them: that the Russian people have, as of old, a nationalistic pride—they are chauvinists—that they find themselves proportionately so much better off than before the revolution that they are happy in their present position and desperately proud of it.

All the new decrees, and the ones inevitably to come, are not primarily actions by the new boys—they are secondary to the discovery that the Soviet peoples and their allies, 13 nations, 800 million-strong, are to be trusted.

That was a secret that the secret police obscured under Stalin. It means that the new leaders of Russia believe their people no longer need to be driven but will follow freely where they are led.

Russia undoubtedly wants peace. But she equally is certain that she could fight and win.

This new feeling of the Russian people—though still a long, long way behind what we call freedom—means that their leaders can count on them to march if ever they are told it is to protect their still-partially-rebuilt homes.

★ ★ ★ SO the answer to the tomb

and the stars over Moscow is this—that Russia, under the spell of the new Pax Atomica, with a freer people than ever before, is stronger than she has ever been.

And on that strength she is launching totally into an international and economic war, which can win a lot more than the atomic wreckage of victor and vanquished.

The tomb is dead, but the Red Star brighter, than ever before.

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THESE FOOLISH THINGS REMIND ME OF THE ASTONISHING U.S.A.

By T. E. B. CLARKE

THE MAN WHO SCRIPTED "THE LAVENDER HILL MOB" AND "PASSPORT TO PIMLICO" . . . NOW BACK IN ENGLAND FROM A WRITING TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

AS the song says, it's the little things that mean a lot—especially when one is fresh home from Hollywood.

Little things like walking at night, lying down in one's bath seeing daylight in a bar. . . All these I have missed during the past 10 weeks.

Take a midnight stroll in Hollywood or Beverly Hills and you're likely to be arrested as a suspicious character. Nobody else, in the belief of the cops, would be abroad at that hour without benefit of wheels.

There's also the chance that you might be knocked down by a house. "Moving house" in California doesn't mean simply the shifting of furniture, but the towing of the entire place and its contents to another spot; an activity restricted to the small hours because travelling houses are apt to cause traffic hold-ups.

I have had some of my best ideas while wallowing in my bath; but out there it's strictly a washing convenience. Ablutions are a waste of time—get 'em over quick. Hence the popularity of the shower. ("I take two showers a day, but I have to have a bath in 10 years," confessed a fellow writer.)

Dark Bars

As for those dark, dark bars—I feel I need sun glasses now when I walk into my "local." Entering a Hollywood bar, one looks instinctively for an usherette to guide one to a stool, so cinema-like is the gloom. In several places when I picked up my mybbique, the barman flashed a torch to show me what I owed.

Hollywood, at any rate, relaxing in a bar just isn't a social habit. A drink there is rather like a bath: the effect is all that matters. Put it down and get out—unless you have some good reason for wanting another.

One evening I was idly having drinks with a couple of compatriots. When the third man, dutifully stood his round, according to our custom, the barman signified us by inquiring: "What are you guys celebrating?"

Still, it's good to be spared that dismal, uncivilised cry, "Time, please." And it's good to be served with ice in your drink unless you order otherwise. In the first pub where I asked for ice on my return home it was resentfully blocked off a large, unavoury block with the butt-end of a screw-driver.

The food over there? Looks lovely—but all too often one finds the ubiquitous deep-freeze has removed half the taste. But if the best restaurant is disappointing by com-

parison with their London equivalents, the snack bars are to use a favourite Hollywood colloquialism—a zillion miles ahead of ours.

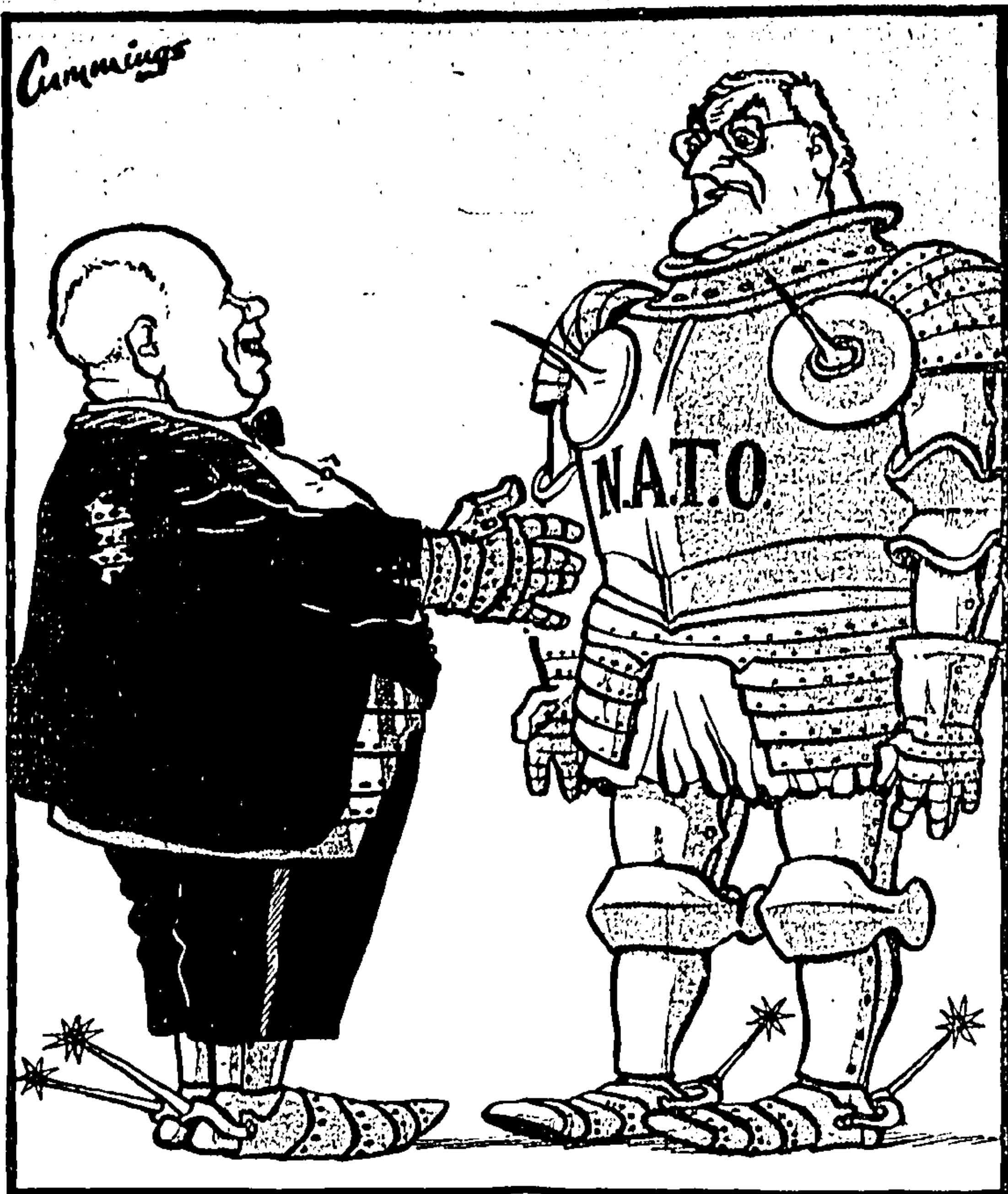
Never have I eaten such beautiful sandwiches. (Even though brown bread, as we know it, doesn't appear to exist across the Atlantic.)

Then, of course, the Americans score notably in their parking arrangements. Drive up to restaurant or rice track and a "car valet" takes over at the entrance. A word to the doorman when you are ready to leave and, a minute later, your car is waiting you.

So Charming!

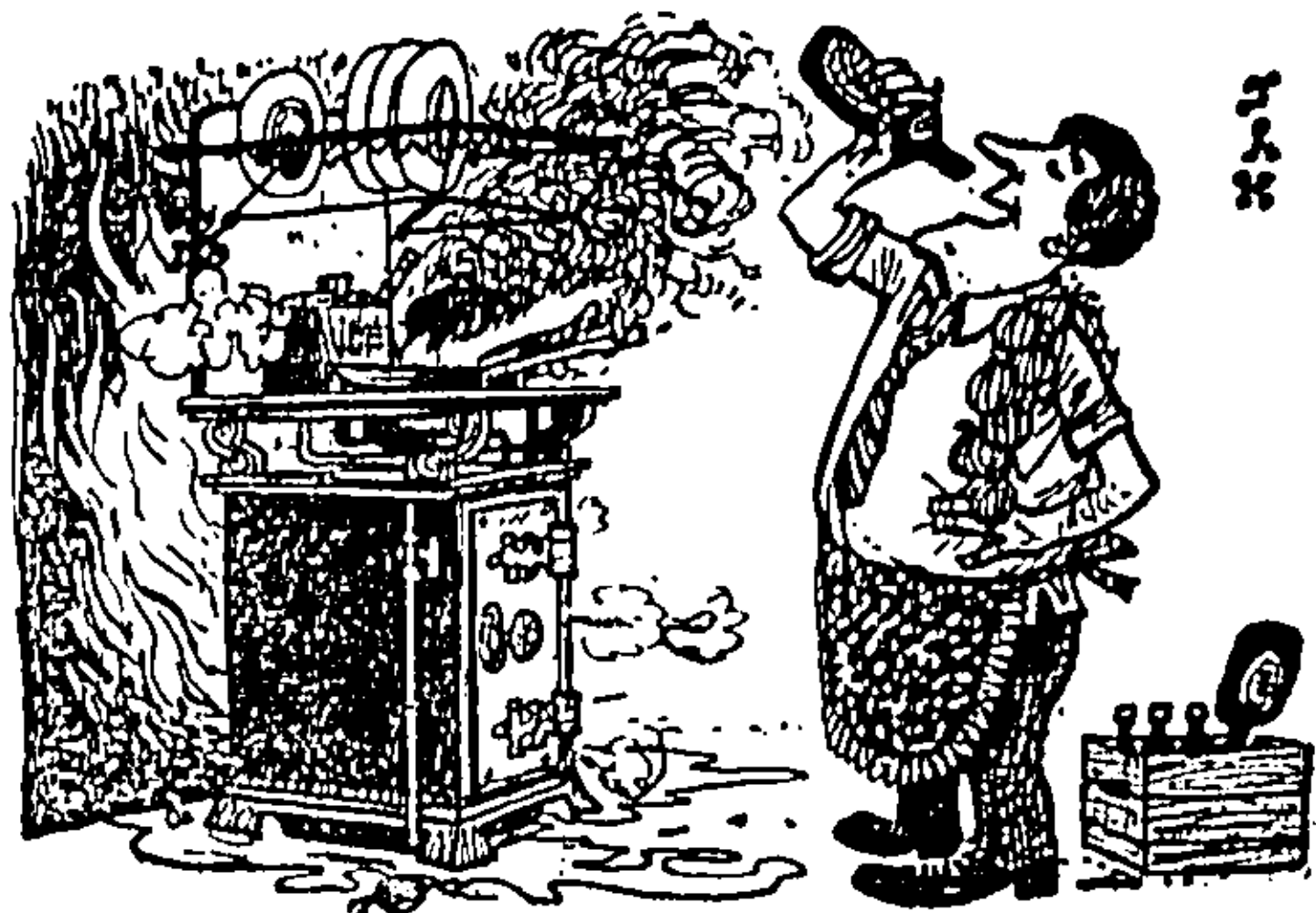
Not only is it perfectly normal to dine all one's life, but in Chicago one even finds them driving up to a 20th-floor apartment.

Passing a vast block of flats there, I was a little shaken to see a long white Cadillac limo-



"My dear Dulles—STILL in that old-fashioned rig-out?"

AT LAST—A COOKERY BOOK FOR BACHELORS



Throw in anything alcoholic that might be to hand . . . even beer

ONE of the worst things about being a bachelor is that you have to cook for yourself and your guests unaided. Unless, of course, you are fortunate enough to employ a chef or plausible enough to cajole a woman friend to do it for you. The trouble is—how does a bachelor start learning? The path from being able to identify the stove to having a circle of politely dressed guests sitting at your table and murmuring appreciative things is long and thorny.

To reach a more usually aimed-at objective (having one appreciative guest admiring your skill and succumbing to the subtle appeal of a well-thought-out dinner) the path is even longer and thornier.

Not least of the obstacles is that your guest knows more about cooking (probably) than you can ever hope to. Your only defence—and it can be very successful—is to concentrate on a few dishes so outlandish that she is unlikely to have heard of them before.

A ROUGH IDEA

The basic trouble here is that most recipe books carelessly assume that you have a rough idea of what they are talking about.

Such phrases as "add a bouquet garni" or "dice a pound of shoulder of veal" are enough to make the average bachelor go and fry himself the next egg.

But it appears that cookery—over, flamboyant, and dramatic

cooking—are not beyond the reach of the man whose only knowledge of a colander is that it has nothing to do with dates. So all thanks to Mary Scott Welch, who has kept this cookery book strictly to the point.

The language used is calculated to appeal to men. For example, in a recipe for Risotto Milanese: "Don't be stingy with the butter and don't let the onion burn or turn dark. When the onions are the right colour dump in your rice raw—say one pound for four people. Muck it about with the onions and the butter until it is thoroughly impregnated."

by **MARIUS POPE**

This is talking about cooking in the way that cooking is understood by men. Another encourages you to throw in anything alcoholic that might be to hand. Even beer.

Here, for example, is the recipe for Carbonade à la Flamande:

Slice four medium onions. Saute them in three tablespoons butter. When onions are transparent stir in two tablespoons flour until smooth. Add three small bottles of beer and stir in a separate skillet quickly browned strips of prime beef tenderloin in butter. Add to the pan of onions and beer. Season to taste, cover, and cook over medium flame until tender, stirring at intervals.

via *London Cook, Frederick Muller Ltd.* 22s. 6d.

intervals. Serve with a green salad, Burgundy, toasted English muffins.

And then, presumably, sit back and wait for her to say, "Ah . . ."

But perhaps I am going ahead too fast. You will want to start the meal with soup. I recommend this Watercress Soup (Chinese style):

SECOND HELPINGS

There will be enough left over to serve an extra four or five people, but the chances are that you will both want second helpings.

To finish off the meal, may I suggest Café Brûlé, described as being "most effective when room lights are dimmed."

Have ready a pot of good strong coffee. Into the top of a deep chafing dish (this is a special gadget, but any deep roasting dish should do) put the peel from half an orange and half a lemon, sliced thin; two lumps sugar for each cup of coffee; two broken sticks of cinnamon; twenty cloves; one cup cognac. Place pan directly over flame, stir, and ignite. Let burn for a minute or so, but not long enough to consume all the cognac. Pour in the hot coffee (dissipating out the fire), stir and serve in demitasse cups. This completes the dinner. After that, after the conversation away from the kitchen, and you should be all right.

STARTING TODAY: INCREDIBLE CUP FINALS When Spectators Crowded Even Into The Goals

By **GEORGE WHITING**

SO you think 100,000 spectators made Wembley Stadium look full when Manchester City and Birmingham lined up for their 1955 Cup Final. That, if I may say so, is a laugh.

Double the number . . . add 40,000 more . . . let loose thousands of spectators across the lush green pitch before and during the game . . . crash the barriers . . . send to Scotland Yard for mounted reinforcements . . . have Police Constable G. A. Scorey backing the most famous white horse of all time into the mob . . . imagine confusion roaring chaos and fainting women . . . picture the good humour of semi-crushed Cockneys as they avoided panic and saved a nightmare disaster . . . score it Bolton Wanderers 2, West Ham 0.

BARBED WIRE

DO these things, and you have some slight idea of the incredible happenings when the Cup Final first came to Wembley on April 28, 1923.

As a purely personal memory of a stupendous and frightening occasion, I recall paying the lowest price possible, climbing an Everest of barbed wire and finishing up within 20 yards of King George V.

Wembley Stadium, we had been told, would hold everybody who wanted to

see the final. Come and be comfortable, was the cry. Pay at the gate, they said.

So we went—rejoicing that London's own West Ham, fighting at the time for promotion to the First Division, had reached the final with the mighty men of Bolton.

Nearly two hours before the advertised kick-off the stadium was packed to sardine point, and surging crowds, pressing along the approaches to Wembley, were crushing those in front through the barriers. Gates splintered under the pack like matchwood. Thousands were pushed over and in; as many more were shoved under and out. Bolton's directors, having started from a London suburb three hours before the game, were still outside when it started.

Once in, you went where the customers behind crowded you. The pitch? You could not see an inch of it for people, and nobody could do much about the Guards band, valiantly rendering the tunes of the day in the middle of the mob. The police performed miracles, not the least of which was getting the King, shortly before three o'clock, through the crowd, into his seat and listening to the National

Anthem being played by invisible bandmen.

Later, we were to have questions in the House, a Home Office inquiry, buck-passing statements from officials, a Football Association offer to return money to ticket-holders on the outside, and goodness knows what else.

For the moment, the important thing was to clear the pitch without loss of life. That it was done sufficiently well to get the game started is a tribute not only to the London police but also to the good sense of the crowd.

CASUALTIES

THE teams, persuaded to show themselves as a help towards clearing the playing area, stepped over prostrate bodies deposited in the passage-way by ambulance men. More than 1,000 casualties were dealt with—and the greatest marvel of all was that nobody was killed.

Forty-five minutes after the advertised time of kick-off, referee D. H. Asson, of West Bromwich, decided there was enough room for the Cup Final to begin—with spectators surging along the touch-lines, round the goals, and even inside the goals!

Telling this story later, Vizard averred that the best pass he got during the whole game came from the foot of a spectator—obviously a Bolton man.

In the circumstances, both teams played exceptional football; though Vic Watson, West Ham's centre-forward, blamed himself bitterly for one glorious opening he missed most crazily.

CRAZY GOAL

AFTER eight minutes of the second half, came Bolton's second goal—as crazy as the rest of that amazing afternoon. Centre-half Jimmy Soddon now a trainer—passed to Ted Vizard and the outside-left, by-passing Syd Bishop, West Ham's right-half, lobbed the ball accurately on to the toe of centre-forward J. R. Smith in the goalmouth. Smith immediately right-footed it past Hutton—only to see the ball rebound swiftly into play off spectators assembled in the back of the net. But it was a goal all right—and referee Asson was in no two minds about it.

George Kay, West Ham centre-half and captain—had only two years' experience next to nothing of these goings-on in the goalmouth. He was sitting on the ground up-field, unable to free himself from spectators' legs.

Bolton, winners for the first time in the history, received the Cup from the King and went off to show it to Lloyd George in the House of Commons. West Ham were soled by promotion. And now you know why admission to the Cup Final is by ticket only.

(CONTINUED)
George Whiting will tell of other incredible Cup Finals next Saturday.

Why don't you change your name?

**TWO PERSONALITIES-OF-THE-WEEK SET
ME THINKING THIS . . . WOULD
EARTHA & WOLF BE WHERE THEY ARE
NOW IF THEY WEREN'T EARTHA & WOLF?**

by **Nancy Spain**

I HAVE a theory that all a girl (or boy) needs in life is a Good Name.

I am very lucky in my name. But if my father hadn't wanted some snazzy furniture from Great Aunt Nancy at the time, I doubt if I should have been christened Nancy Spain.

And Maria von Losch, what sort of film star would she have made if she hadn't changed her name to Mariene Dietrich?

And David Kominsky (Danny Kaye) . . . And what sort of a writer would Thomas Lanier Williams (Tennessee to you) have turned out to be?

Brooding, I sometimes ask myself what genius first put Chapman to Pincher, Setton to Delmer, Eve to Perleek?

Those Two

And this week, as luck would have it, I have been moved by two first names that sound in my soul like thunder. Eartha and Wolf. WOLF and EARTHA. What names these are.

Say them aloud. Don't you think they spring from the depths from dark nights in beaming cities, from glorified gutters, from the mistspring of life itself?

Now, how could two children with names like these possibly be anything but a success . . . And they have both hit London a smart blow.

Eartha Kitt shattered the B.B.C. in her portrayal of a condemned murderer in the half-hour play, "The Vallant."

They immediately offered her another play, to run at once this time. And in my drawing-room the impact of this copper-coloured bombshell was the event of the week.

I was dumfounded by Wolf Mankowitz, who in his new novel, "My Old Man's a Dustman," has reached new heights of cockney poetry.

Both of them would have made Maria Lloyd (real name Matilda Alice Victoria Wood) weep and laugh for envy. Why? Because they are both great artists. In their own line the best we have living today.

But how did they get their names? Wolf was called "Wolf" after his great-uncle Wolf, and Eartha was always called "Eartha." So it was Mr and Mrs Mankowitz and Mr and Mrs Kitt who were responsible for the names that now rock London.

Eartha was born in 1920. It was a good harvest in the cotton fields in South Carolina that year, to Mr and Mrs Kitt named their little girl "Eartha May" in gratitude.

Some years later Eartha directed another girl to the Katharine Dunham School of Dancing, went along with her,

and of my intuition," and so became "The most exciting woman in the world" (said Orson Welles—real name George).

With Katharine Dunham, Eartha toured Europe, ending up, via various clubs in New York, in John Murray Anderson's revue "New Faces."

Last year she made £20,000 out of records, royalties and appearances in cabaret. This week she delivered her autobiography, "Thursday's Child." (It must say I'm longing to read it.)

Confidence

But all this is nothing beside the fact that when she appears on television she can make a few million hearts stop beating. Her unquenchable knowledge of the equality of human beings, her bleak belief in her own genius can make her walk up to Winston Churchill, hand out stretched, saying "I'm Eartha Kitt."

Her confidence can make her wipe off her television make-up at Lime Grove at 8.30 p.m. and go straight on to do a midnight cabaret at the Cafe de Paris.

Then, after the show, in that same dressing room where I have watched Noel Coward hold court, and clown a little, strung

up, I have seen Eartha Kitt, completely relaxed, talk over her act with a stranger.

Here is the ice-cold judgment that makes the difference between mere success and stardom. But even as she talked I kept wondering: "I wonder what you would have done if you had used your second name of May?"

By some maddening coincidence, within 12 hours I read and was entranced by the new Mankowitz: "My Old Man's a Dustman," a tale of two dishevelled down-and-outs.

To be honest I didn't expect to be charmed by this tale. You see, I know Wolf Mankowitz far too well. . . .

I first met Wolf 10 years ago when I was running a magazine and literary monthly. He limped into the office, saying: "I've slipped a disc, but I'll work for nothing. I made 70 nickers this morning."

He was just married, just down from Cambridge, brought up in an atmosphere of auction rooms and English literature.

It was an accident that he already owned a flat shop in the Piccadilly Arcade (he was 24 then, so he must be 34 now) or that he christened his first-born after the shop: Gored.

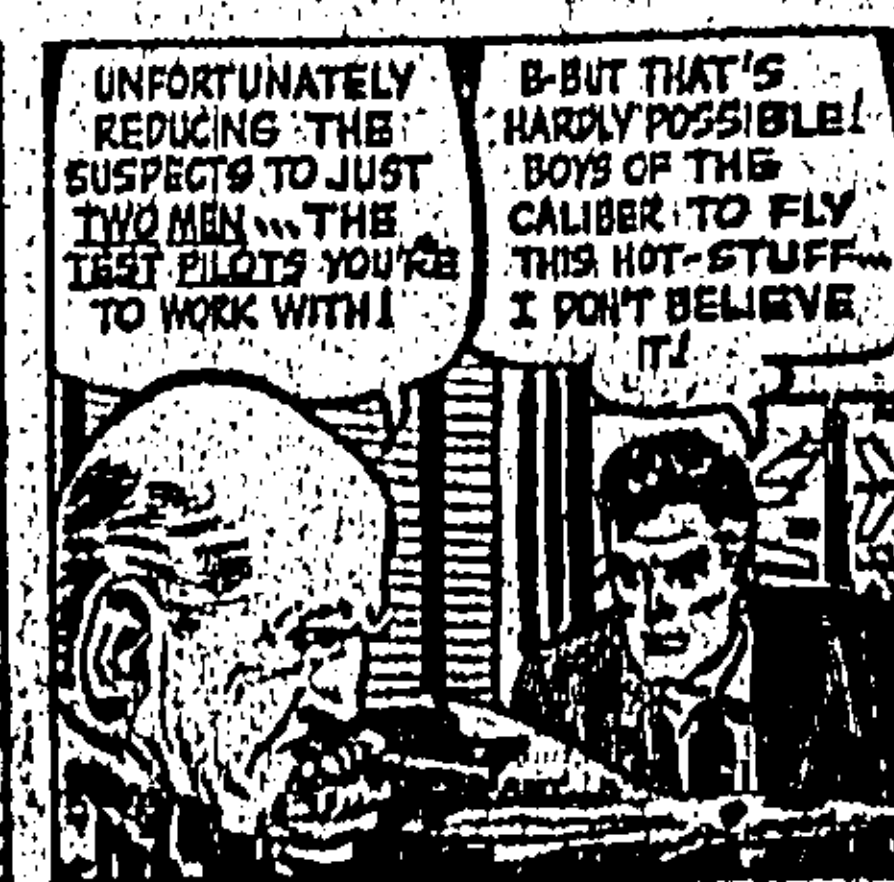
Nor was it surprising that he, a boy from Whitechapel, wrote about things he thought "literary": like, poetry.

Neither do we Johnny yet a leak exists, and we can't overlook the remotest possibility? Keep an eye open, will you?

AS A PILOT, I COME OFF SECOND BEST AS A COUNTERSPY! BUT THERE IS SUCH A MAN, I'LL FIND HIM!

JOHNNY HAZARD

By **Frank Robbins**

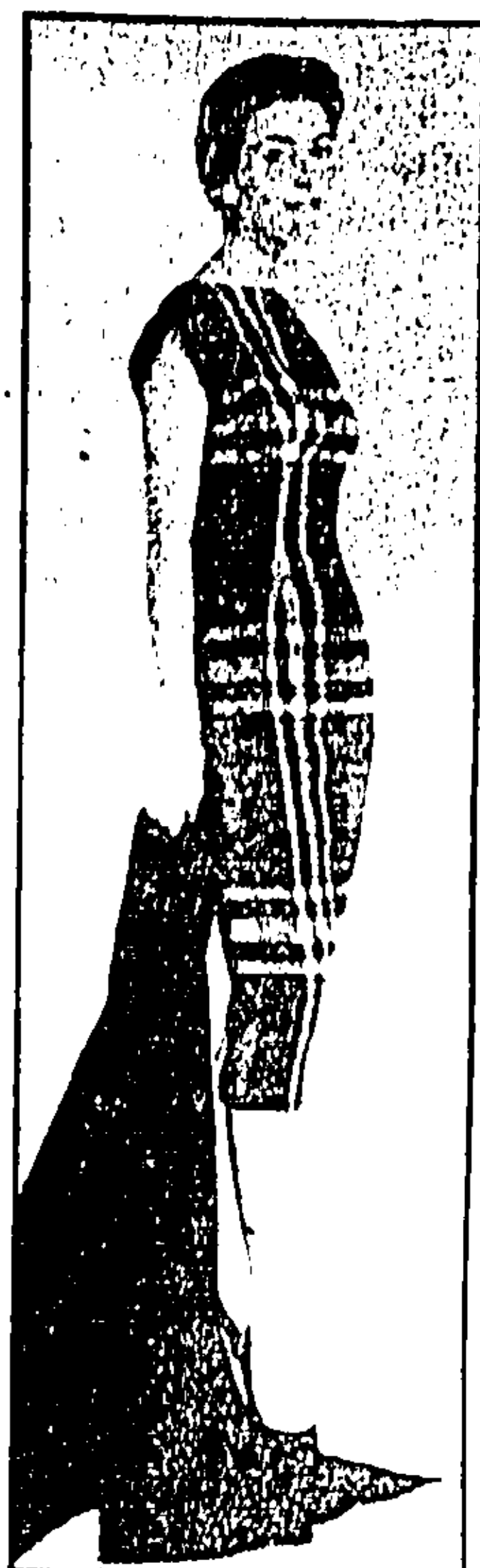


...this situation
calls for a
San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Sudden Craze For Versatile Tartans

By JILL CAREY



A straight sheath dress made of "travel rug" and a complementing stole.

LONDON'S fashion industry has woken up at last to the potentiality of the plaid. Ever since Queen Victoria's husband, the lionhearted Balmoral castle with tartan, the English have had a sneaking admiration for the stuff, but up till now we have left it to the Americans to use it for fashionable purposes.

For the next few months every other office girl at least will be wearing tartan. Tartan's current craze is for dresses in the dark shades, and as soon as they arrive in the store's back, they are carried off by waiting maids.

But tartan, perhaps, are the only thing that the public has taken to. The tartan life-size coat, which is a real novelty, is a tartan coat, but it is not the fashion world's darling.

BEST ACCESSORIES

The tartan life-size coat, which is a real novelty, is a tartan coat, but it is not the fashion world's darling. The tartan life-size coat, which is a real novelty, is a tartan coat, but it is not the fashion world's darling.

The tartan life-size coat, which is a real novelty, is a tartan coat, but it is not the fashion world's darling. The tartan life-size coat, which is a real novelty, is a tartan coat, but it is not the fashion world's darling.

The best accessories for tartan and plaid are not, however, the white collar and cuff, unless you are very, very young. It is better to buy a pair of dark, shiny, black and white, pick it for your accessories. Tartan have a lot of accessories, like a small, black, and white, pick it for your accessories.

MANY USES

One veteran fabric manufacturer, who has been in the business for over 100 years, has been surprised to find that the tartan fabric is being used in a lot of different ways. Not all of the tartan by the yard is its way into the wardrobe. Many home dressmakers are using it to make gay toilet



A full skirted "travel rug" dress with three quarter length sleeves. By Frederick Starke.

curtains and slipcovers to re-furnish their homes. I saw a London fat woman, an elderly but respectable Victorian chair which had been picked up in an auction sale, painted white and given a dark tartan seat.

Tartan invades the kitchen too, for one linen manufacturer has cooked up authentic tartan tea-towels in Rob Roy and Royal Stuart designs. Tartan has even got into the bedroom. Addicts can now buy their pillowcases and sheets trimmed with a discreet band of Black Watch.

A strange offshoot of the tartan craze has made itself felt in one staid London shop where a sudden boom in featherweight check suits came. She discovered from one talkative customer that they were being snapped up by bright do-it-yourself girls and made into furry wrap-around skirts, trimmed down the side with the rug fringe—secured by a giant safety-pin. There are rumours that a well-known resort wear designer plans to mass produce these noble kilts.

INSULATING LINING

Seen at London shows last week, heavy-weight sport skirts handwoven in coarse white cotton thread, lined through with white furnishing tape—a simple but inspired idea—cheap cloche hats made from glazed furnishing cellophane, sprout patterns of Toile de Jouy and cabbage roses, flamed by machine stitching and therefore packable.

Millum, the new wonder lining is upon us. It is claimed that this fabric will insulate you against both heat and cold. It is used at the moment to line classic camel coats. Ordinary rayon lining material is backed by a special coating of something akin to aluminium paint, making the lightest, cheapest coat of armour I've seen. It has a great future for everything from ironing board covers (you need only press one side of the garment) to carlinings.



"Criffarth", an original model of beachwear in blue and white striped jersey, by Jacques Heim. The bag is of blue linen. — Agence France-Presse.

Keep In Trim... By Ida Jean Kain

Ex-smokers Need High Protein Diet

WHY do pounds tend to pile on when a person stops smoking? The fact that so many former smokers have gained unwanted pounds after they stop smoking is responsible for the widespread impression that a weight gain is inevitable.

It is true that food tastes better for the taste buds have become sharpened. For this reason, it is particularly important to guard against a weight gain at this time. Dr. Hugh M. Sinclair of the University of Oxford in England pointed out that the average person need not adopt a special diet when smoking is stopped, but he did stress that the bathroom scales should be watched more closely.

There is some evidence that smoking mildly depresses the appetite. However, the increased appetite is only temporary and, if food intake is kept under control, the appetite soon adjusts to body needs. Readers have asked if there is a chemical change that takes place within the body. Physiologically there is no change and the assimilation of food remains as before.

You can help yourself over the adjustment period with nutrition know-how. By changing the character of your eating pattern, hunger can be controlled without increasing the calories. Experiments indicate that the blood sugar level is a factor in appetite control. The protein foods which help maintain blood sugar levels sustain energy and stave off hunger. For this reason, when smoking is stopped, it is helpful to keep protein high.

There is a better carry-over of energy when a complete protein is eaten at each of the three daily meals, starting with breakfast. In fact, a substantial breakfast can be a weight-saver for the former smoker. The morning meal should include an egg or two, and lean meat, plus a slice of toast, fruit or juice and coffee. Lunch can include lean meat or fish or a liberal serving of cottage cheese, plus hot soup made with skim milk and a light dessert. At dinner, a liberal serving of lean meat should be the backbone of the menu.

Snacks are especially important to the ex-smoker. The snacks for the most part can be filling and non-fattening, such as crisp celery, carrot sticks, cauliflowerettes or crunchy low calorie crackers. The late afternoon snack, however, should be a glass of skim milk or butter-milk or hard cooked egg or a ¼-cup serving of cheese... in other words, a protein food. It is important to keep in mind that the sharpened ap-

petite will level off after a few weeks. A conviction in your own mind that a weight gain is not inevitable can be a decided help.

Household Hints

A bit of oil on a rug will keep it under a floor cover with help to keep it from after the rug is filled with water.

Picking the life of a garden after by draining it thoroughly after use, and rolling it into large, loose coils, is a good idea.

To make a smooth, tight covering for the inside board, tack on the cover while it's damp.

Add cinnamon or allspice of orange or lemon and to mashed sweet potatoes for a gourmet touch.

Take Your Wife Abroad, Mr Smith—And Enjoy

One Great Experience That Will Last Your Whole Life Through

Says ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

WHAT asses we are to laugh at the American tourist. I like their guide-books and their cine cameras and their curiosity.

I think the bald, middle-aged gentlemen and the neat, well-groomed mummies who have priced themselves out of their home towns deep in America to visit this crackly continent have enormous gallantry.

When I think of the number of English women I know who would love to travel but whose husbands refuse to budge, I could hug the bald, egg-headed business men from Iowa and Virginia and Tennessee who have saved the money and contrived the time to give their wives one great, exhausting, memorable experience that will last a lifetime.

PLANNED 30 YEARS AGO

I HAVE been talking to Mr and Mrs Joe Beer from Harlingen, Texas (pop. 40,000).

And I wish I could call a meeting of all the stick-in-the-mud English husbands who refuse to move further for their summer binges than Eastbourne or St Anne's-on-Sea, and get Mrs Beer to address the crowd.

Mrs Beer is 49 and her husband is 50.

"We have been planning this trip," she said, "for nearly 30 years."

"When we were first married we said that when our children were grown-up we would go round the world. Now two of our children are married and the

youngest is doing his army service—so we're off. "It's true the trip has shrunk a bit. But as we are going to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Germany, and Italy, we haven't missed the target too badly."

NOT RETIRING!

I ASKED Mr Beer, who is vice-president of an insurance company, how he had wasted the time. Surely he wasn't retiring at 50?

"Certainly not," he said, "but my business happens to be at a cross-roads now and I have two or three paths to choose from. So I'm going to play hookey this summer and take my decision when I get back."

"Do you know any languages?" I asked.

"A little Spanish," said Mr Beer, "because our home is only 20 miles from Mexico. That's why we're not going to Spain. We want everything to be different."

NEWS FROM JAPAN. Here is one section of the Japanese house on show in London—masses of light, and uncluttered space. The lamp on four legs and the cooking pots are beautiful and modern designs. The girl wears a kimono in smoke-blue and pink cotton.

"A travel company has planned our tour, with plenty of spare days with nothing laid on so that we can mess about and relax."

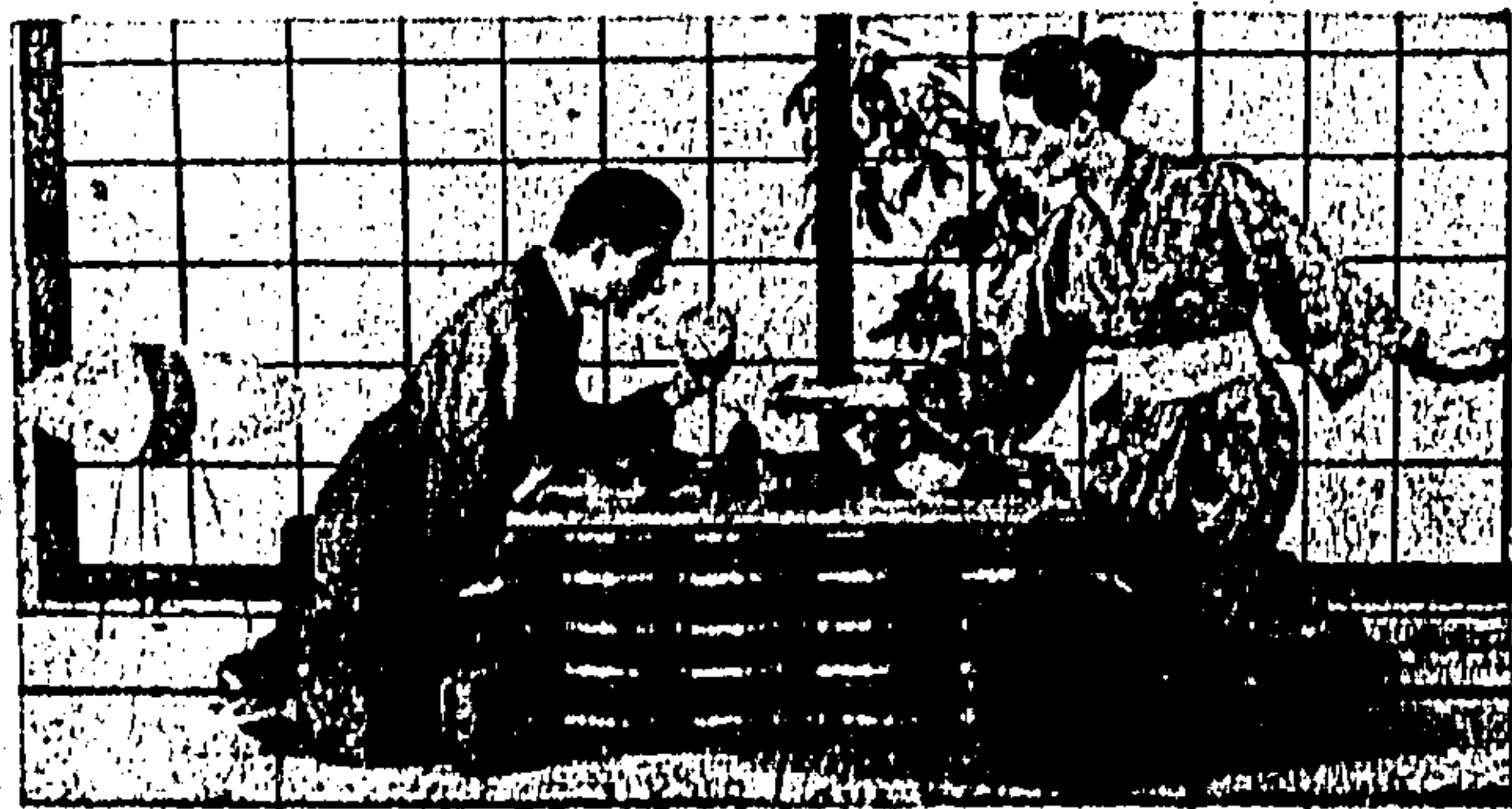
"We are doing as much as possible by road, as we love scenery—I want to see the Alps as well as the Rockies." I asked if they were loaded down with luggage, but they have got the whole lot into three pieces: one "fortnight" each and a "two-suit" between them. Most of his clothes, as well as hers, are of nylon or Dacron.

"When did you decide that this summer would be it?" I asked.

"Only two months ago," said Mrs Beer. "One day my husband came home and didn't say anything special, but I felt there was something in the air. And I said: 'I know it, I know it, we're going to Europe.' And he said: 'Quite right, I've taken the tickets today.'"

ENTERPRISING GIFT

WHICH is a nice enterprising sort of present to give your wife to celebrate the growing-up of a family. Isn't it, Mr Jones? Is your spirit of adventure totally dead? Don't you think so, Mr Tomkinson?



Are you SURE you can't stand foreign cooking? How about it Mr Brownlow? Are you CERTAIN your wife likes sitting on a bank for a fortnight watching you fish?

SPREADING INFLUENCE

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I don't mean that we are all going to sit on the floor and eat from rice bowls.

But the airiness, lightness, and flexibility of the Eastern house are on the way IN.

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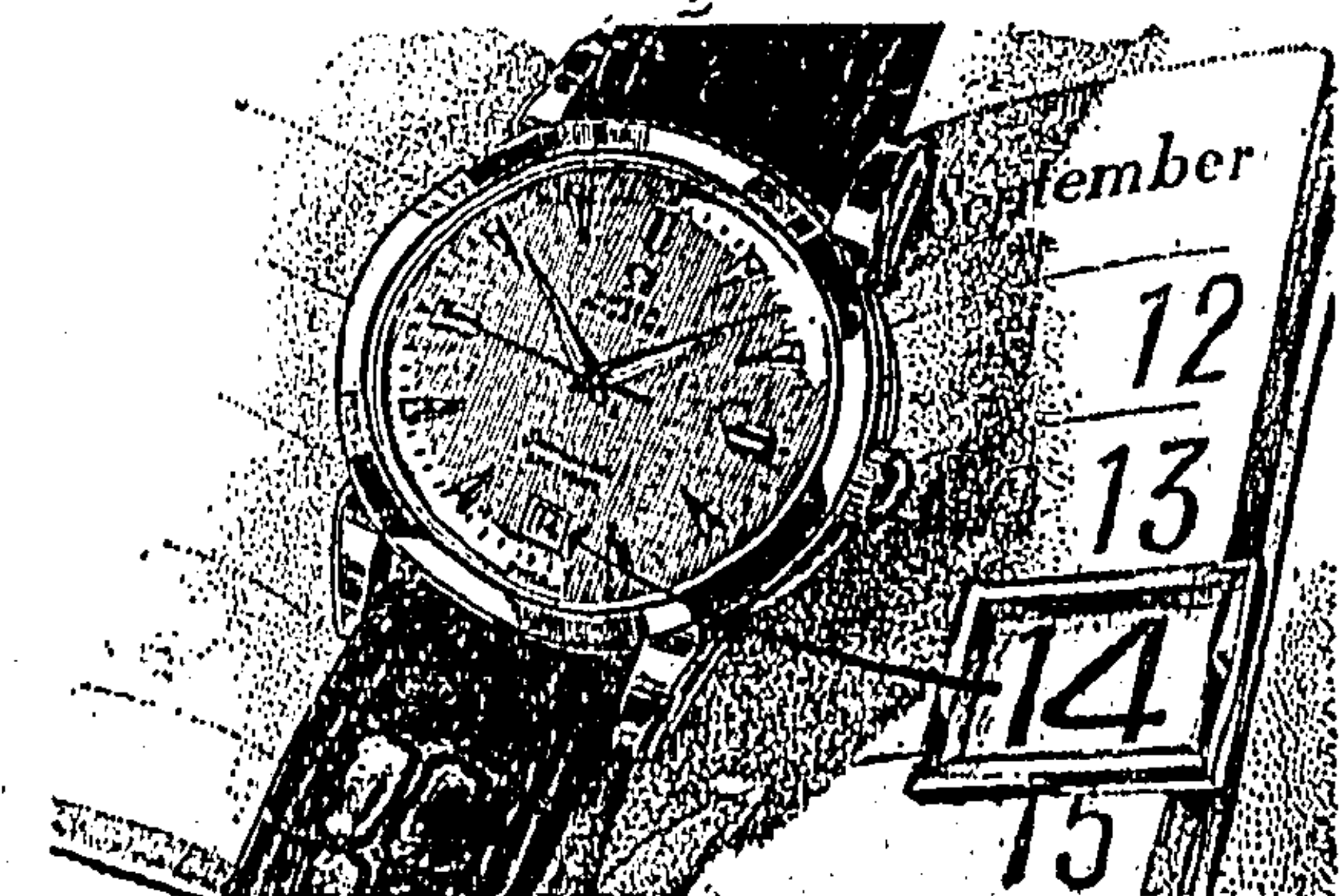
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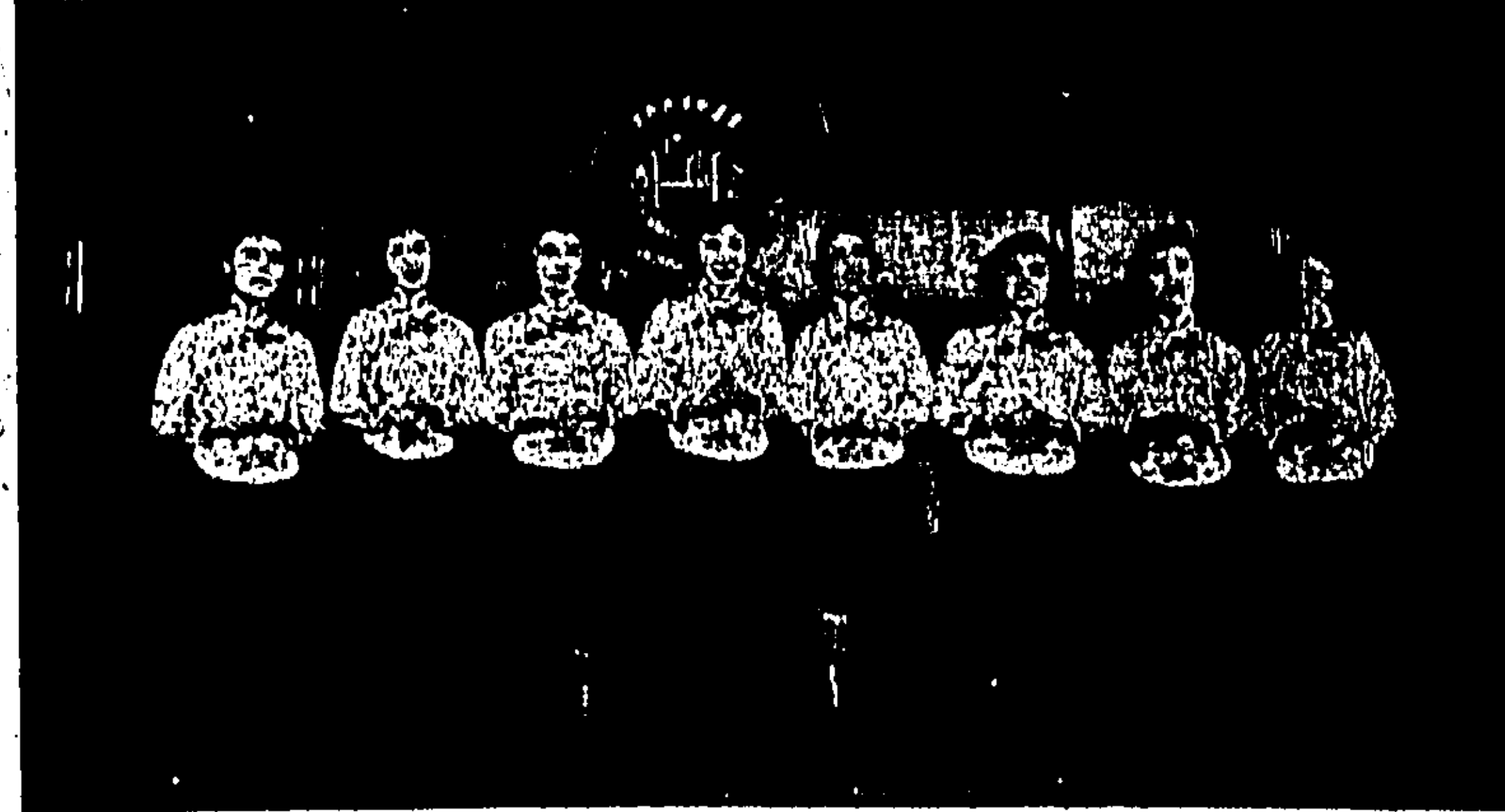
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WEDDING at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, of Mr Earl David Jezak and Miss Shirley Yvonne Diaspecker. (Staff Photographer)



MR Sydney Holland, New Zealand Prime Minister (right), greeted by the Japanese Consul-General, Mr Yujiro Isaki, on his arrival at Kai Tak. Mr Holland is visiting Japan before going on to London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference. (Staff Photographer)



EIGHT lovelies who contributed to the entertainment programme given at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce to celebrate the first anniversary of the opening of the new Chamber building. (Staff Photographer)



ON the left is Au Chung-sing, of South China Athletic Association, who won three international cycling events — 10,000, 5,000 and 3,000 metres — at the open cycling meet at Caroline Hill last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS O. D. A. Lafauvre presenting the Victory Shield to Szeto Yiu, Combined Chinese Captain. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Lillian Anton Tydeman cutting the birthday cake at her coming-of-age party given at the Hongkong Electric Recreation Club last Sunday. On right is Mr R. W. Smith, her uncle. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Lt-Col. O.F. Newton Dunn, former Deputy Commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, saying goodbye to members of the Hongkong Regiment Band who played him off when he left for England last week. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Y's Men's Club and friends snapped at the opening last Sunday of their bathing pavilion at South Bay. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mrs W. H. Stratton, wife of the Commander, British Forces, exchanges salutations with wives of Gurkha soldiers at the opening of the new Gurkha families hospital at Whitfield Barracks, Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)



MR C. T. Pan and his bride, the former Miss Margaret Sheng. They were married at St Andrew's Church last Saturday. (Steve Chu)

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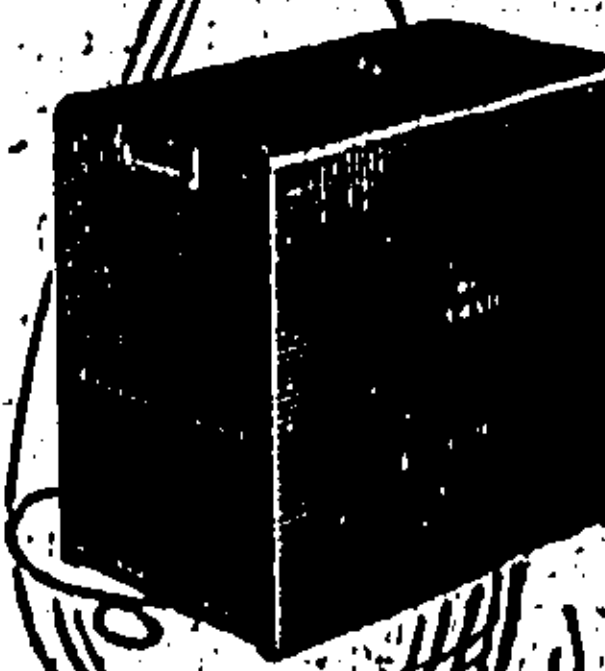
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SCENE at the Salween War Memorial Cemetery on Wednesday, when the American community observed Memorial Day. Prayers were said and wreaths laid on American graves. The firing party, firing three volleys in salute. (Staff Photographer)

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THE new Philippine Consul, Mr. Eduardo Rosal (sixth from right), and the departing Consul, Mr. Polaya F. Llamas (fourth from right), feted by a group of Hongkong and Philippine businessmen at a luncheon party last week at the Sky Restaurant. (Cosmo)



LEFT: Mr. Perry Yau Fung-kwong and Miss Fatima Mok, whose wedding took place last week at the Rosary Church.

MR Amelito Mutuc, Junior Chamber International Vice-President for Asia, speaking at Thursday's tiffin meeting of local Jaycees. (Staff Photographer)



MR Ernest Manning (centro) who has resigned as Head Warden for Hongkong, feted by his colleagues of the Civil Aid Services at a Chinese dinner given at the Casam Club. (Staff Photographer)



TO mark the Sacred Thread ceremony of their son, Gobind, Mr and Mrs D. S. Mohan entertained many friends at a dinner party at the Repulse Bay Hotel last Saturday. Young Gobind is in centre.



MISS Heather Giles celebrated her 21st birthday last Saturday, and here she is seen cutting her birthday cake as her friends sing their felicitations. (Mainland)



MRS Anker P. Henningsen modelling a sports outfit at the fashion show organized by Mrs. D. B. Mahler and held at the American Club on Monday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: A dance given by the party of Indian girl students of the Lady Irwin College of Delhi, who arrived in Hongkong this week in the course of a tour of the Far East. (Staff Photographer)



MR Eugene Istomin, the talented young American pianist who has been giving a series of recitals here, discussing points of interest with music teachers at a meeting at the Grantham Training College. (Staff Photographer)

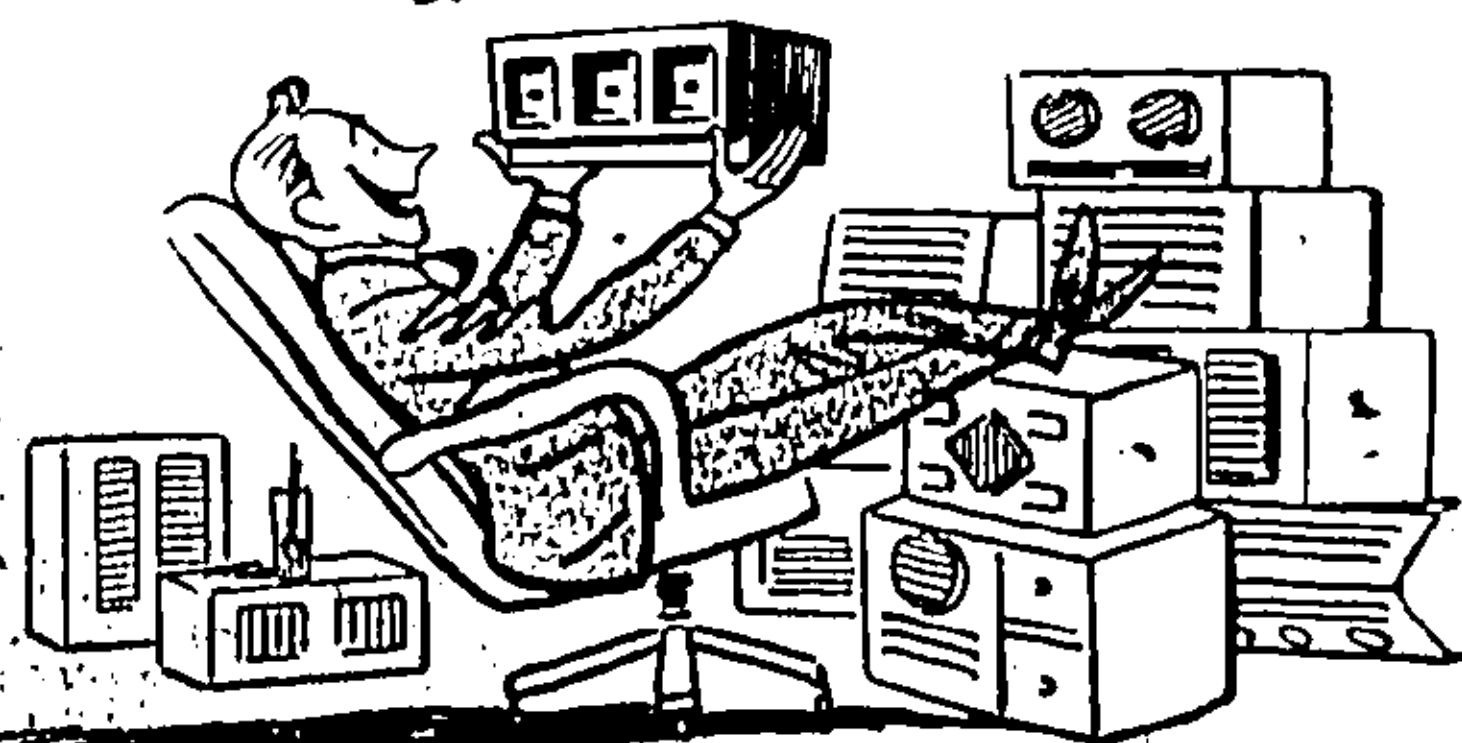
RIGHT: French film star, Martine Carol waves goodbye to her fans who gathered at the airport to see her off when she left by air for Japan. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Miss Yolanda Silva (fifth from right in middle row), and relatives and friends who joined her in celebrating her eighteenth birthday on Monday. Miss Silva is the daughter of Mr Antero and Mrs Amanda Silva. (Mainland)



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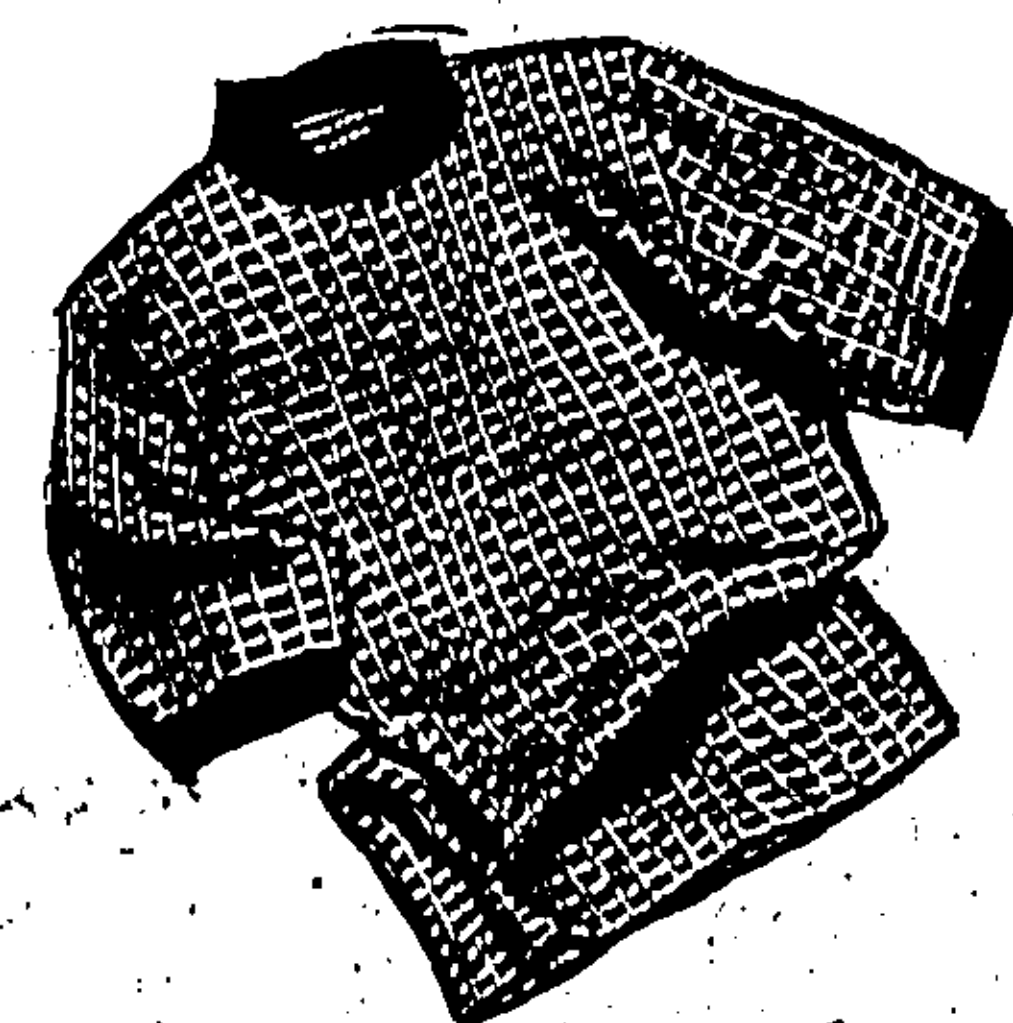
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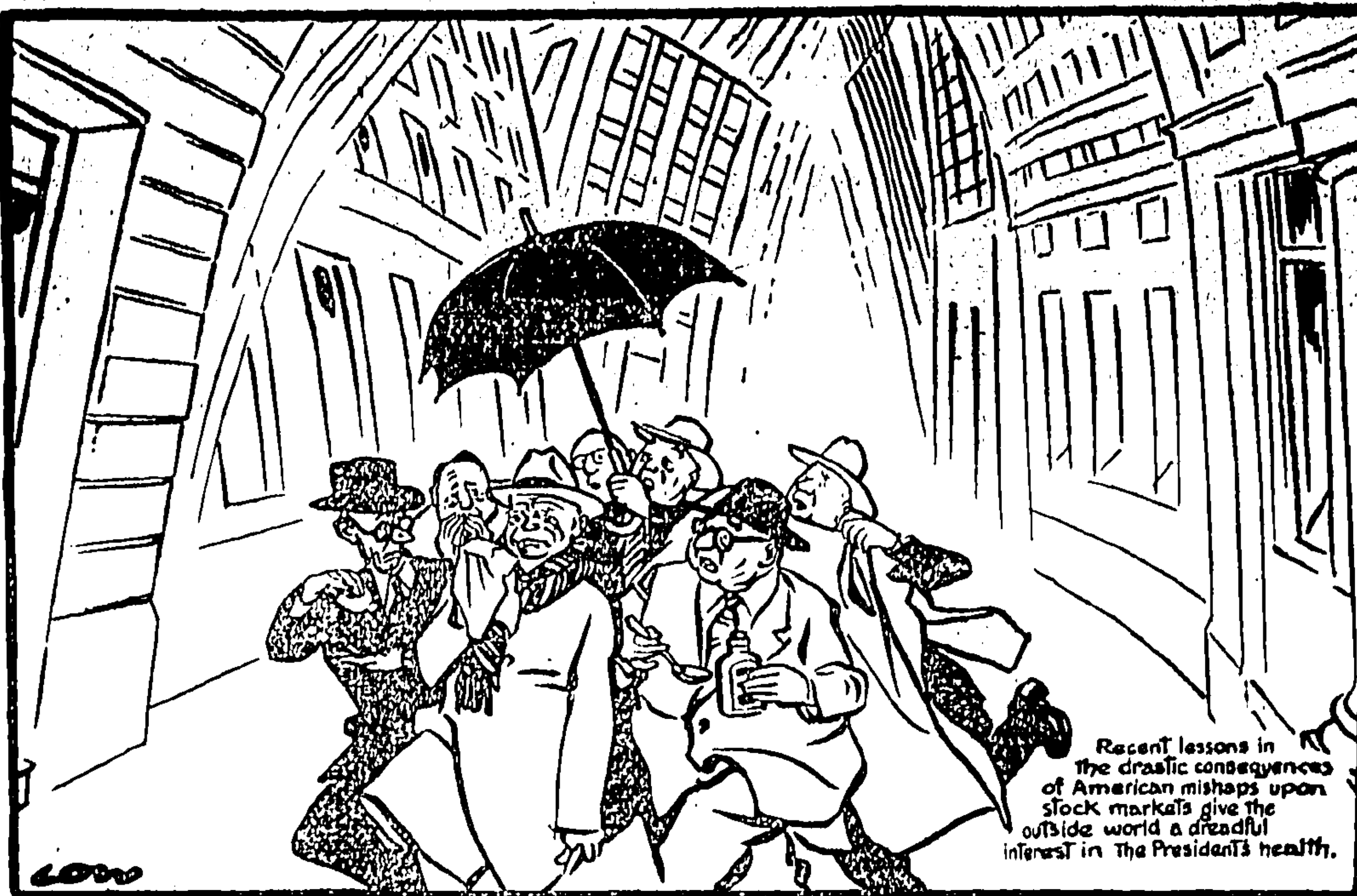
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IF IKE SNEEZES—

Recent lessons in the drastic consequences of American mistakes upon stock markets give the outside world a dreadful interest in The President's health.

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DR STEPHANUS WRITES 'FINIS' AND CLOSES A HEAVY FILE

By William Hamsher

HITLER is really dead—and if you are interested—the death certificate will soon be pinned to a notice board in the corridor outside the tiny magistrates' court at Berchtesgaden, the Bavarian border town where Hitler lorded it not only as Fuehrer of the Reich but also as squire.

The fraulein secretary of Dr Heinz Stephanus, the court official in charge of the dossier labelled "Hitler, Adolf, motion to presume dead," will type out the certificate, once it is ready.

But Dr Stephanus rather thinks that he will pin it up himself. As a kind of contribution to history, he thinks: "The final closing of a file."

I could sense the relief in the voice of Dr Stephanus as he told me about it: how happy he will be to get the legal tangles sorted out. All of which



THE DRAMATIC MOMENT LEGENDS SPANG FROM

The Berlin Bunker, April 30, 1945. Hitler's body is carried out to be buried.

From the film "Ten Days to Die," has kept him pretty busy these 18 months and more.

First there was the argument over where Hitler was last resident. In the case of every ordinary German it would be where he was last registered with the police. But Hitler?

Next there was plenty of evidence, but no proof which could satisfy Herr Dr Stephanus that he was actually dead.

Where the grave? He would not even accept the Fuehrer's false teeth as real enough for proof. That was when a dental mechanic, home from a Russian prison camp, swore that a laybone, his molars had put into his hand in Siberia was Hitler's.

"Show it to me, and I might grant the death certificate," said Stephanus.

But dental mechanics bring no souvenirs home from Siberia.

ON OATH

In the end, though, it is the Russians who have enabled Dr Stephanus to seal his dossier.

For it was the Russians who ordered the East German Reds to send home to the West Otto Guensche, the blond giant who was Hitler's adjutant.

The Russians had already released him, but the German commissars said, "You're a war criminal" and jailed him again.

Once in the West, Guensche was ready to talk, on oath, and that the Fuehrer's voice has been heard on records: "I'll be back; my hour will come."

There is also the little matter of an estimated £40,000,000. This is just nobody's until Hitler is officially pronounced dead. Once that is done there will be another year of legal arguments about the leaveings—

Only now—with a notice pinned to a board—ends the life of the man who rocked the world

down to Berchtesgaden for his evidence to be recorded. Says Guensche: "I could say all I have to say here in Hamburg. But it would be nice to see the place again."

Of course he hasn't seen the place since he shadowed the local squire around on their last trip south together in the early spring of 1934.

That was when the Fuehrer insisted that the children of Guensche and Heinz Linge, his valet, must all be brought to Berchtesgaden, to the safety of the eagle nest Hitler had built among the peaks.

A VOICE.... THERE might be quite a go-together of Hitler old boys down in Berchtesgaden. Besides Linge and Guensche, Dr Stephanus might decide that he must hear Hans Baur, the pilot of Hitler's personal plane, another claimant to the title of being the one who heard the very last words Hitler spoke before he shot himself in the bunker deep under the garden of the Reichschancellery.

Then there are the witnesses as to the burning, also back from Soviet prison camps within the year: Johannes Rattenhuber, head of the Fuehrer's night bodyguard, and another detective, Hans ("I buried my Fuehrer") Mengdenhausen.

They all figure in the final pages of the Stephanus dossier. Why does Dr Stephanus have to be so careful about deciding that Hitler is really and truly and legally dead?

Well, there are queer reports going the rounds in Germany that the Fuehrer's voice has been heard on records: "I'll be back; my hour will come."

There is also the little matter of an estimated £40,000,000. This is just nobody's until Hitler is officially pronounced dead. Once that is done there will be another year of legal arguments about the leaveings—

SO Hitler's fortune cannot be seized and added to restitution funds available to help Jews to make a fresh start, or provide comforts for concentration camp victims.

Except in so far as part of the Fuehrer's fortune is discovered to be in Berlin. Then the city can call up the Fuehrer's ghost and make it cough up.

The rest would probably need a special Act of Parliament before it could be earmarked for Nazi victims—or Hitler's relatives.

One claimant is his sister, Paula Wolf, a frail little body who does washing up for a Berchtesgaden hotel, and helps with the potatoes as well in the tourist-season rush.

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A PERSONALITY IN THE WORLD NEWS SPOTLIGHT

ARISTOTLE SOCRATES SEEKS NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER...

By Les Armour

IF three out of ten Argentinians had not been persuaded to abandon Virginia tobacco in favour of Turkish the casino at Monte Carlo might now be a derelict ruin.

The connection between these obscure events could only be A. S. Onassis. Onassis is as improbable as his names—Aristotle Socrates. And the chain of events he has set in motion in a relatively short career might have inspired even those great philosophers to wonder.

Surprisingly Onassis lives up to his names. His parents must, indeed, have had a pronouncement. Socrates the visionary, the near poet, who dreamed of other ethereal worlds and Aristotle the forthright investigator who collected stinking sea animals and devised the rigorous logic which even now is the terror of the world's university freshmen might seem incapable of combination.

A JOB

YET there is more than a little of both in Onassis.

In 1923—his family ruined and physically smashed by the Turkish massacres of the Greeks—he set sail with £50 in his pocket for Buenos Aires. He was sixteen, he spoke

no Spanish, he had no skills. Disaster might have been expected.

Instead he got a job as an operator with the River Plate Telephone Co. and settled down to size up the situation. Two things immediately struck him. One was that everyone in Argentina smoked Virginia tobacco. The other was that Turkish tobacco was much cheaper.

A FLEET

HE borrowed about £200 and bought some Turkish tobacco. A year after his first landing he had £1,000 in the bank. By his twenty-third birthday, he was worth £250,000.

Three out of ten Argentinians had decided to smoke Turkish tobacco and A. S. Onassis reaped the profits.

The vision of several million Argentinians puffing contentedly on cheap Turkish cigarettes did not, however, satisfy the poetry in his soul.

About this time he learned that a certain Canadian steamship company faced bankruptcy. The company had a full-sized fleet of 30 freighters for sale. The ships, 9,000 tonnes, had cost—even in those days—£400,000 each. Onassis calmly offered a down payment of £30,000 for six of the best.

His offer was accepted.

A RULER

THE Socrates in him saw Onassis as ruler of a vast new world on the sea. The Aristotle in him told him to be careful. He laid up five of the ships and sailed the sixth into the world charter business—at out-price rates.

It is interesting to notice how he did it. The Socrates in him saw business organisation as an ordered society offering profit—and pleasure—in varying degrees for all its members. He did not, for instance, cut his prices by cutting his wages. He has always, in all his enterprises, paid better than the going wage.

He cut his prices by outmanoeuvring his competitors. He had an information branch which ferried out information on who wanted what and where. When he saw a series of moves that allowed his ships to roam from point to point with a series of full loads, he charged in with cut price offers on the whole sequence of deals.

His offers were usually too good to pass up.

He has always operated on the assumption that the way to make money is to know what nobody else does.

The same thirst for curious and out-of-the-way knowledge lifted Aristotle's head and shoulders above opposition philosophers. It has made Onassis 150 times a millionaire—his current assets are estimated at £150,000,000.

A RISK

THEY include a million and a quarter tons of shipping, 30 registered corporations, seven assorted houses and castles and an art collection estimated as the seventeenth most valuable in the world.

From his first shipping fleet he progressed slowly. World War II brought him his first million. When war came he was one of the few ship-owners in business who had a sizable fleet in first class condition ready to move anywhere. The depression years had left most fleets in third-rate shape and rumours of war had only increased timidity.

Onassis was prepared to take any sort of risk.

At the end of the war he again became tired of his conquered worlds. Three new fields opened up: war surplus, whaling, and Middle Eastern oil.

War surplus deals increased his shipping fleet, but it also took him into an assortment of sidelines and built a crowd fortune on the side. Whaling was an operation which appealed to his imagination and he went into it in the hope that new enterprises might restore some of his former glory.

It did—or almost. He built a fleet and sailed it boldly off the coast of Peru where there were many whales and no whalers. There were no whalers because the government of Peru claimed that its territorial waters extended 200 miles.

A FINE

ONASSIS snorted—and providentially took out an insurance policy with Lloyd's of London indemnifying him for any loss which resulted from challenging Peru's legally ridiculous claim.

The Peruvian navy sailed after him. Had Onassis been wholly bent on glory he could probably have made short work of the Peruvian navy and left it to other people to sort out the implications under international law.

On second thought, however, he advised his men to tag along peacefully with the Peruvians. The Peruvian government slapped on a million pound fine. Onassis advised Lloyd's that they could either pay the fine or pay him three million pounds compensation for the loss of his fleet.

Lloyd's paid the fine. Onassis got his million pounds. Peru got a million pounds.

Lloyd's were left wondering what had become of freedom of the seas. Onassis reasoned that the lesson might do something toward ensuring that freedom of the seas was not interfered with so lightly in the future.

Middle East oil offered more scope for his Aristotelian talents. A little investigation convinced him that Saudi Arabia was altogether happy about its arrangements with Aramco, the giant American oil firm which virtually controlled the country's oil resources.

The country, he thought, might rather like a chance to get rid of its oil. He talked to Aramco. He talked to Jeddah and offered a deal. He would build spectacular new tankers, register them under the Saudi flag, train a certain number of Saudi officers to man them, pay the government a slice of the profits—all in exchange for an agreement which would eventually give him a near monopoly over the transport of Saudi oil.

A BATTLE

THE idea not only appealed to Saudi nationalism. It also gave the Saudis a lever against France—for he who controls the transport of oil is nearly as powerful as he who owns the oil....

The government signed. There were only rumours that the finance minister and Aramco launched angry battle.

It has since been conclusively shown that Onassis bribed nobody. Why should he? The deal was attractive enough in itself. It served the government's purpose.

Thereafter, Onassis settled back to enjoy the show.

His trouble at that moment was that he did not have a satisfactory place from which to enjoy it. His headquarters had always been Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. But his centre of operations was now in the Mediterranean.

Monte Carlo, he thought, might, for many reasons, be a satisfactory location. (He had never been particularly popular with governments to be true—bribe and Monaco offered a government whose concern with international affairs was scant.)

And where, in Monte Carlo? Why, he thought, the Sporting Club might be an ideal site for his office. As it happened, the Sporting Club was controlled by the directors of the Casino. They refused to sell.



ARISTOTLE ONASSIS

Onassis was prepared for that. He knew two things: One was that the Casino was in financial trouble. The other was that Prince Rainier, whose continued sovereignty like that of his state the Casino was not entirely happy about the directors.

Discreet discussions followed. Onassis emerged as controlling shareholder of the Casino. He thereupon got to work to make the business pay.

Monte Carlo was fast getting to the point where it was remembered only as an entry in Edwardian memoirs. It had lost the battle with Cannes for the Riviera trade.

Onassis imported thousands of tons of sand and rebuilt the Principality's rocky beaches and laid a concrete floor under the harbour.

Then he modernised hotels and theatres and drew up plans for an overhead railway to Monte's only golf course and for something mysterious announced as a "racecourse in the sea."

The Onassis policy has paid off. From a loss of £20,000 a year when Onassis took it over the Casino has gone on to make a modest £100,000 a year. To Onassis, that is less than nothing—but the future, he is sure, will be better.

A MATCH

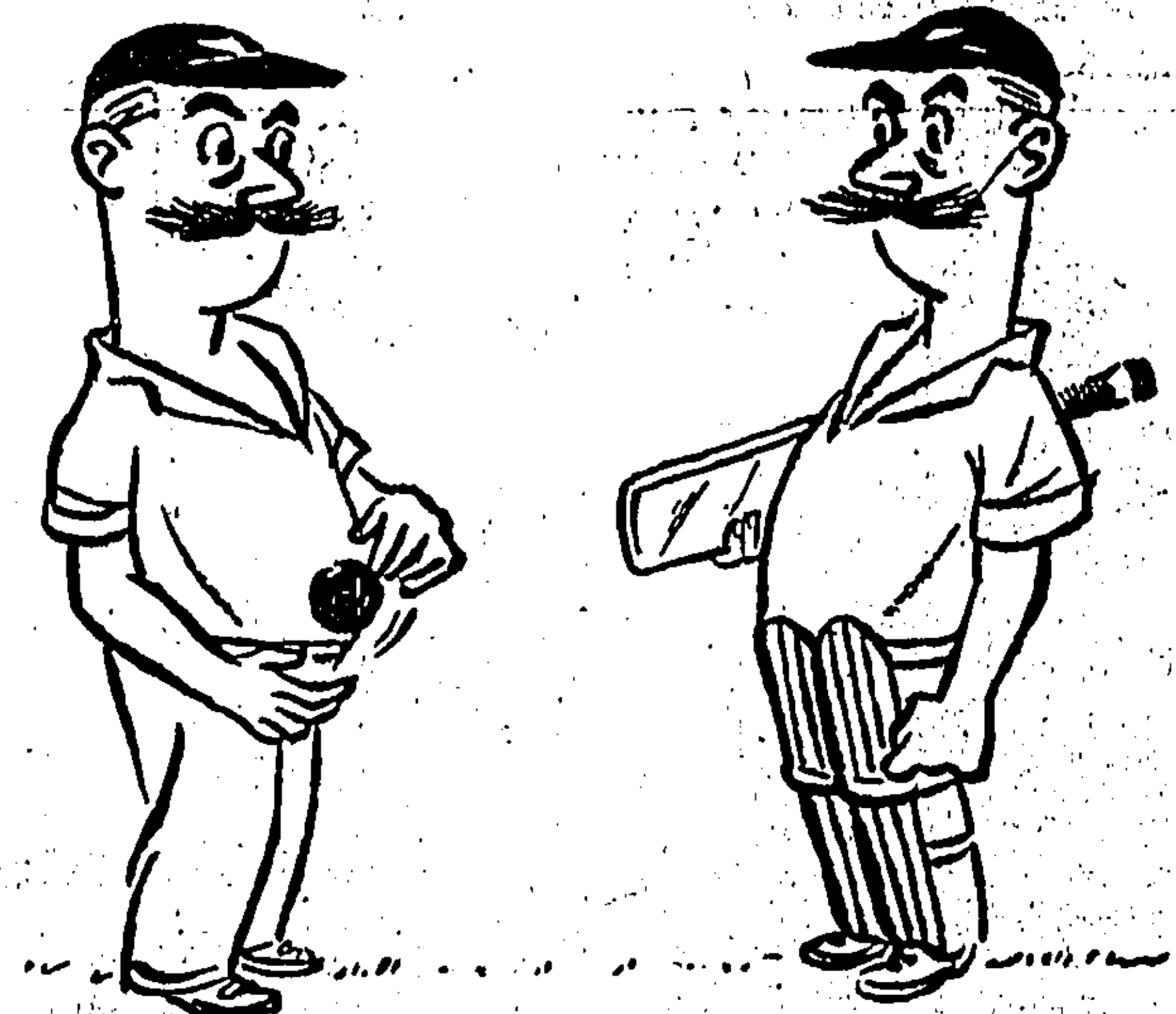
WHAT he needed to clinch the deal was something to bring Monte Carlo into the headlines. Grace Kelly supplied that. Now that the public knows that things have changed in the principality, he expects profits to soar.

There are rumours that it was Onassis and not the voluble Father Tucker who did the match-making. They are certainly false. But Onassis did give Rainier some fatherly advice.

His world once again water-tight, Onassis might well have settled down to enjoy his art collection, to indulge his taste for witty and intelligent conversation, and to back on his yacht, Christmas—his most luxurious in the world.

But that is not his nature. He is already searching for new worlds to conquer. One day soon the Christian will up anchor, his destination: London.

No one knows what Onassis is planning in London. But he thinks Britain is ripe for some imaginative enterprise. Onassis is still, it can be said, a matchmaker.



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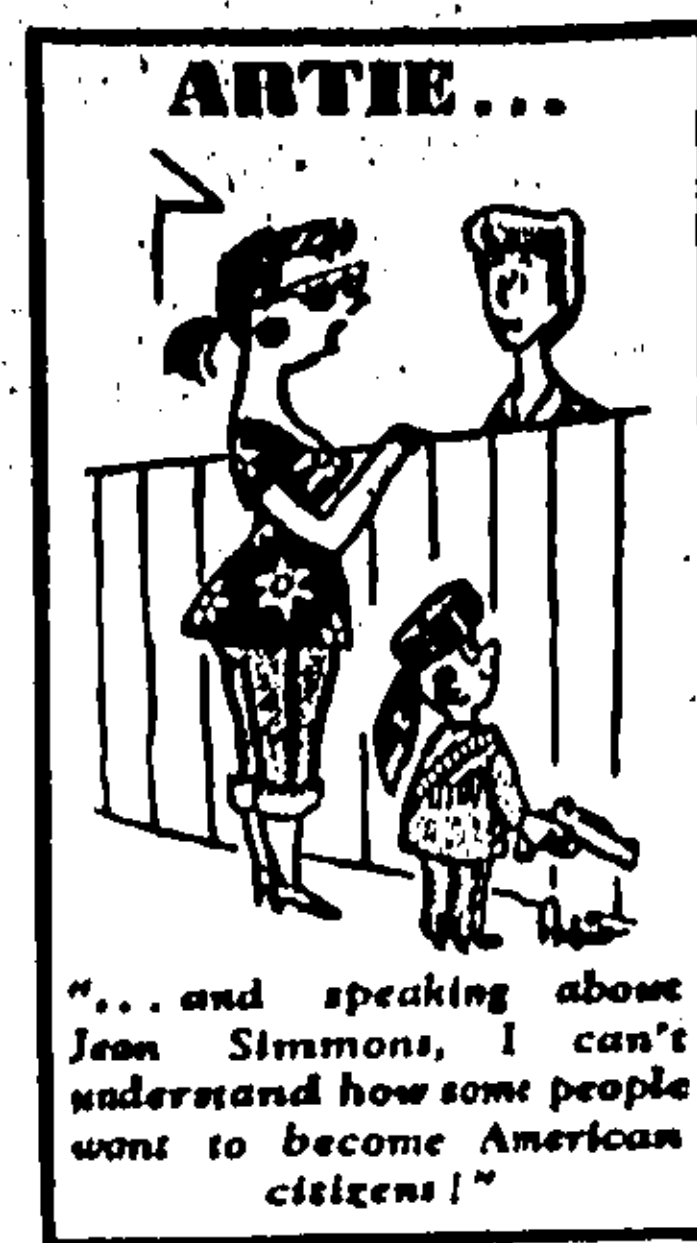
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POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"According to Freud, deep down inside me there's a father-image with an expense account."



PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BEATING THE TAX Taxmanship, or the art of beating the taxman, is a profession in the revenue department while playing out of goal, is what the late O. Henry used to call an "illegal activity."

An illegal activity, as the hero of "The Gentle Grafter" would have explained is one for which you can't actually be locked up, but...

Anyhow taxmanship in the U.S. is currently thriving as a business as any one's likely to find. A tax guide written by Mr. J. K. Lauer has sold 13 million copies in the last 18 years—or more than any book

except the Bible. Sales this year are so far 100 percent ahead of last year's. Other guides are selling nearly as well.

There is now a Tax Book Club and a monthly magazine devoted to the art.

Mr. T. Coleman Andrews, who, not long ago, was the nation's Internal Revenue Commissioner, has recently described the present rates and set up as "the greatest potential that anyone has ever thought of for making out of us a nation of liars and cheats."

It is, perhaps, lucky that no American government has yet managed to equal the tax structure of its British counterpart.

Arab Legion are giving instruction in military subjects. Last week the women "soldiers" were introduced to the "Thunder-blast." When one of these was exploded at their class in a girls' school a few yards from the parliament house, soldiers came running, but found only a group of earnest women learning "readiness under fire."

The women are making their own uniforms, which will include battledress trousers. "That will shock," the traditionalists, but we cannot fight in skirts," said Miss Bisharat, herself a Christian in a city where many Moslem women never appear in the streets without their faces concealed behind black veils.

MAN'S GERM Man has made a germ—a step toward the goal of creating life in a test tube. Nobel prizewinner Dr. Wendell Stanley reports that the University of California has created an artificial virus in a test tube from synthetic nucleic acid compounded by Dr. Severo Ochoa, of New York University.

But the scientists have a long way to go. They have still to find an animal or plant in which the virus can reproduce before they can claim to have created a bit of life.

Summarises Stanley: "We have a virus in search of a host."

NEW STAR Film producer John Huston kept open his telephone line from a London hotel one night while a secretary in New York placed a receiver against a television set. For a charge of \$400, he heard Californian jockey Bill Pearson win the \$24,000 question jackpot.

Then Huston told Pearson he would co-star him with Gregory Peck in "Typee," a sequel to "Moby Dick," to be made in Tahiti soon.

STATE BARBERS Now it's the barbers. Capitalist kulak barbers in East Germany are being put out of business in Communist East Germany. Several have already gone in Magdeburg.

Deputy Premier Hans Loch has only explained that barbers are to become a nationalised trade. The first People's Barber is already clipping.

CHAMPION FATHER 78-year-old Matias Gonzalez, of Las Palmas, is reigning champion father of Spain. He and his wife—55-year-old Maria Gil—have just won the annual \$5,000 Franco award for the couple with the most children. They have 22—and 20 of them live at home.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

POOR HERBIE WAS SO FAT....

(and even worse, he was clever)

THINKING ahead, the most obstinate members of the non-reading public realise that a time may come in the next few months when they will want some holiday reading. The problem "But which book?" need no longer perplex them. In "The City Boy," by Herman Wouk (Cape, 15s.), a fountain of humour and humanity plays through 347 pages. This is a delicious, comic and convincing account of a few months in a boy's life.

Little Herbie Bookbinder of the Bronx suffers from two afflictions; he is clever and he is fat. When first we make his acquaintance he has an additional trouble, a broken heart. His beloved teacher, Miss Vernon, has married a Mr. Gorkin.

Herbie will never recover from the shock of this betrayal, never, or at least not for a good hour, at which point he meets little Lucille Glass. She is an under-dog with enough panache and violence to equip a battalion of supermen; a ripe personality with an over-ripe vocabulary, and he makes a comfortable living by finding objects that in refuse dumps are sold them to Rumbum, a dealer. He wages war, without truce or respite, against Bates, the borough council inspector. Bates is a symbol of the world of work and order to which in

(Felicia), a sarcastic girl, and his enemy, strong, stupid Lemmie Kriger, who takes care to see that everybody in the camp knows that Herbie's nickname is "General Garbage."

Triumphing over every handicap, Herbie emerges as the hero of the camp, although his triumph is haunted by guilt and founded on crime. Herbie has "borrowed" 50 dollars. However, all ends happily, as it should in a story intelligent, touched with the gold of childhood and exhibiting its author (Theodor Stalling) in a new and genial light.

Under-dogs WOLF MANKOWITZ is on the side of the under-dog. Indeed, he is looking for an under-dog to be on the side of. And in "MY OLD MAN'S DUSTMAN" (Deutsch, 10s. 6d.) he finds him on an East End refuse dump. He is called the Old Cock and he has a trusted accomplice named Arp.

Arp has not had anything to say since a bomb fell near him in the war: the Old Cock fought at the Battle of Mons and has been talking ever since.

He is an under-dog with enough panache and violence to equip a battalion of supermen; a ripe personality with an over-ripe vocabulary, and he makes a comfortable living by finding objects that in refuse dumps are sold them to Rumbum, a dealer. He wages war, without truce or respite, against Bates, the borough council inspector. Bates is a symbol of the world of work and order to which in

all its aspects the Old Cock is oratorically, philosophically and physically opposed. Especially that everybody in the camp oratorically, e.g. on trade union leaders.

"They've got all the wrong feelings and all the right thoughts, split like rotten taters they are off their chumps, my friends, loopy, barmy, gone nuts, plain crackers, and the less they do for us the better off we shall be just doing what we feel like."

The sentence flows on for a while. But that is enough to display the quality and profusion of the Old Cock's monologues.

Mankowitz is the folk-poet of London, E.I. His imagery is rich, his characters are both earthy and fantastic. His story scarcely matters. Enough to say that, after a stern battle, the Old Cock remains master of his rubbish dump.

This is hardly vintage Mankowitz; its coarse talk may distress some of his old customers. But vitally, gusto, a rude lyric quality—here they are!

A nice cry GATHER round, friends. Bring a nice big pocket handkerchief with you and get ready for "THE FIVE FATHERS OF PEPI" by Ira Avery (Victor Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), a little novel about Italy by an American. Something happens to Americans when they stay in Italy; something melts or, at any rate, goes all soft and gooey and through their tears they write novels like "The Five Fathers of Pepi."

It tells how Pepi, a little waif aged six, poveri, wanders over the hills and is unofficially adopted by Giorgio, who is his name signifies, is handsome, carefree and a bachelor. In his guardianship, Giorgio is assisted by four friends in the village. But the situation cannot last. Giorgio must marry Maria, and Maria refuses to be stepmother to a small boy whose father appears to be a communist.

There seems to be only one way out. A wealthy American tourist couple must be inveigled into adopting Pepi and carrying him off to a palace on, say, Long Island.

This agreeable conspiracy might have succeeded, but at a critical moment Pepi goes into hiding; Giorgio decides that he cannot give the boy up to the Dollar Area; and Maria says, "Do you think I could love a man who had so little love in him that he could let strangers take away his little boy?"

So everything is all right. Another monument of the tough Italian character has been carved out of solid ice-cream. You can wipe away, those last gentle tears. You do not need it? You think this is bogus, phoney schmaltz? Then you have no heart and belong to a small, persecuted minority. You belong there with me.

Old favourites

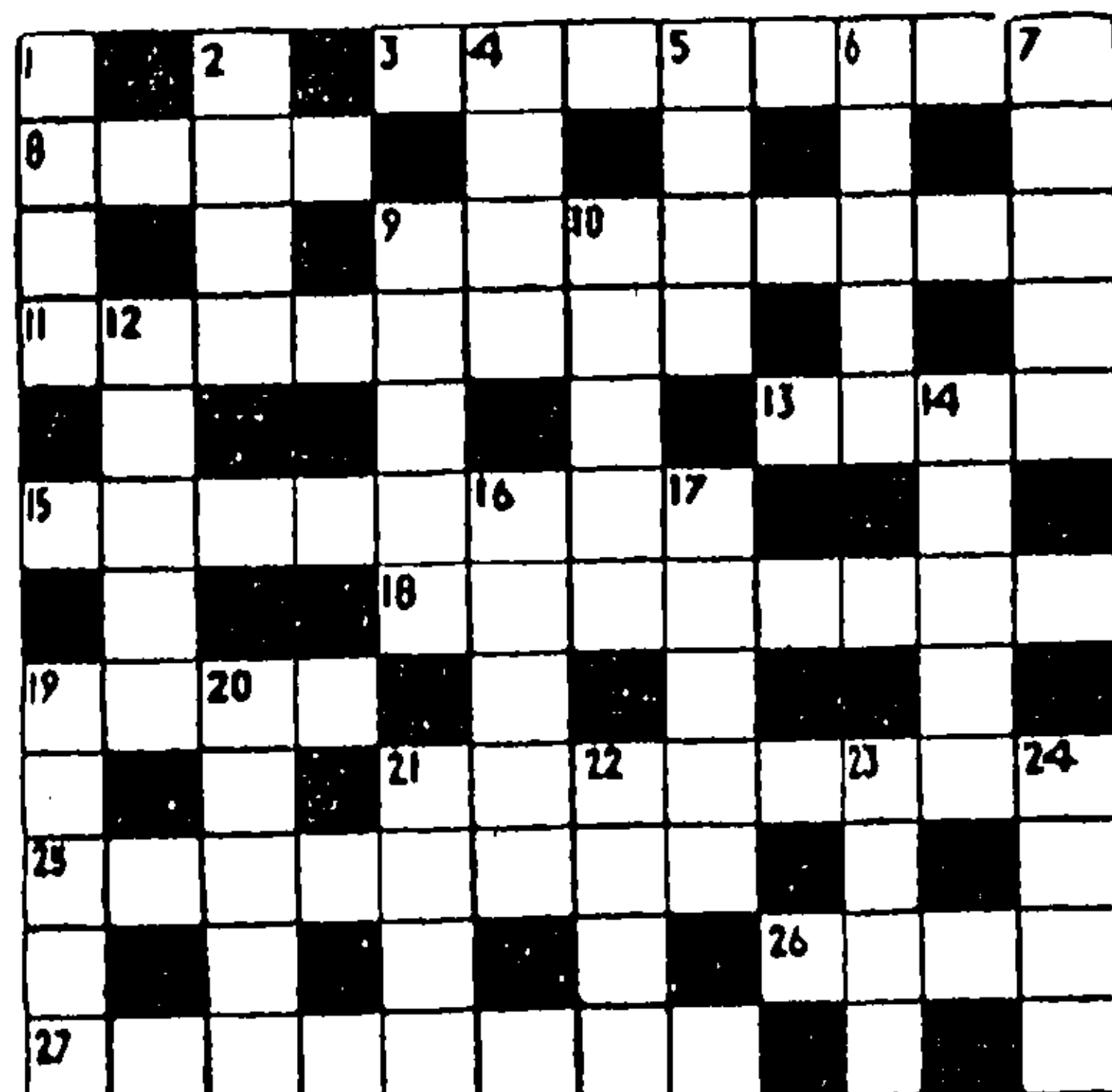
IN Ludwig Bemelmans' latest selection of stories, the menu has been slightly rearranged but almost all the dishes were on the list yesterday. Of the 24 stories in "HOTEL BEMELMANS" (Hamish Hamilton, 10s.), two are new; some are re-heated; half of the delicious drawings are fresh. Old Bemelmans' hands will go back, without complaint, to their favourites.

Swiftly tracing the master's progress up the catering ladder from the Tyrolean hotel where he first saw the light, they will catch the opulence in the Cocooner Palace Hotel, New York, where he mingled almost as an equal with princes of the profession like Monsieur Victor, Mr. Sigzag and Mr. Braubens.

In the proper place they will find "No Trouble At All" which describes the fabulous birthday party of Mrs. Washington Kelly when the immense birthday cake capsize into the Grand Canal (real water) and Gabriel, the Napoleonic matron, nodded quietly to his chief of staff, Matherby who lifted one finger and said:

"But you know, or you have forgotten, the illness!" Bemelmans writes about hotel life with the charity of a waiter who has forgiven the customer.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 3 Trouble-maker (8).
 - 8 At a distance (4).
 - 9 Ingredients (8).
 - 11 "Soft" drink (8).
 - 13 Goods vehicle (4).
 - 15 Trade (8).
 - 18 Takes away from (8).
 - 20 Writing-table (4).
 - 21 Abandoned (8).
 - 23 Got ready (8).
 - 26 Tumbled (4).
 - 27 Hangs (8).
- DOWN**
- 1 Bucket (4).
 - 2 Quiet (4).
 - 4 Fete (4).
 - 5 Volume (4).
 - 6 Purport (4).
 - 7 Out of practice (5).
 - 9 Finished (5).
 - 10 Proclamation (5).
 - 12 Cull forth (5).
 - 14 Caper (5).
 - 16 Allude to (5).
 - 17 Went wrong (5).
 - 19 Drugs (5).
 - 20 Paces (5).
 - 21 Venture (4).
 - 22 Tear (4).
 - 24 Notion (4).
 - 24 Narrative (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Candle, 4 Elect, 7 Absolved, 8 Exile, 9 Hammer, 11 Serpent, 13 Muddled, 15 Untrue, 18 Rates, 19 Scatterers, 20 Stern, 21 Enrage. Down: 1 Clash, 2 Droop, 3 Diverse, 4 Endear, 5 Engineer, 6 Threat, 10 Meditate, 12 Educate, 13 Morass, 14 Lessen, 16 Tilt, 17 Ensur.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Taxing Situations

BY HARRY WEINERT



WE NO SOONER PAY OUR TAX THAN ALONG COMES A TAX-WISE GUY WHO ADDS A HEAVY TAX ON OUR MANNERS.



TAX ON THE BLOOD PRESSURE—LISTENING TO THIS WHILE A CREW OF EXPERTS ARE TRYING TO GET HIM UNDER THE WIRE.



SOME OF OUR HORSE-PLAYER PALS PUT A TERRIBLE TAX ON OUR SYMPATHIES.



GOODY! THAT WILL JUST ABOUT PAY FOR THE MIDNIGHT OIL YOU'VE BEEN BURNING!

PROMOTION AND RELEGATION

SPECIAL COMMITTEE HAS BEEN SET A TASK OF VITAL IMPORTANCE

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

I have heard many strange tales of what goes on in Hongkong's soccer byways but I wonder if the speculative chatter has ever been as loud as it is at the present time.

The far-reaching decisions made at the HKFA Council meeting earlier in the week have certainly started things moving with a vengeance and the special committee which has been elected to handle the problem of promotion and relegation has been set a task that is of vital importance to the whole future of Hongkong football.

I have studied the proposals as they were tabled by Mr L. J. Channing together with the other views expressed and while I believe the principle is sound and that promotion and relegation can only benefit our football, I do not believe that the details of the proposal are the best that could have been put forward.

The vital point as I see it is that the reserve teams must be excluded from any competition which can have any bearing whatsoever on the application of promotion or relegation.

A new, and entirely separate, division of the League must be created to accommodate the various reserve sides; any other arrangement is open to abuse no matter how tightly the legislation on the matter appears to be on paper.

DID NOT WORK

The idea of mixing reserve sides and independent promotion-seeking clubs in the same League competition was tried in regional football in Scotland for a few years and it proved to be a most unsatisfactory and unharmonious sort of tournament.

By creating a new Reserve Division every season would be checked and every possibility of reclassification would be satisfactorily eliminated.

This innovation would also mean that reserve players would be available to move into the senior side when a regular man suffers injury or loss of form.

That is, after all, the real purpose of a reserve team and yet under the present arrangement a 'reserve' player who has made two appearances in the senior side cannot again take part in a junior match until he has been formally reinstated by the Hongkong Football Association.

With a completely separate competition such a situation need not arise. There would be no great honour attached to winning the Reserve Division and the temptation to 'down-grade' players merely to

strengthen a side well placed in the lower League race would in consequence be minimised.

According to press reports at least one Councillor had this whole matter very much in mind during the meeting last Monday and we can only hope that when the deliberations of the committee are eventually presented for consideration at the Annual General Meeting they will include a strong recommendation that will exclude the possibility of reserve teams competing under any conditions with the very clubs for whose benefit the scheme is now being proposed.

If no way can be found to exclude these teams then it would be better that the promotion and relegation proposal be shelved back on the shelf to gather the dust of time rather than that the 1956-57 season should be the starting point of what could well be a soccer tragedy.

INCENTIVE

Promotion and relegation is vital to the future progress of Hongkong football. The ambitious little clubs must be given an incentive to try and better their status and a fair system of promotion and relegation is surely the real way to do it.

What a great pity it would be if the progressive attitude displayed by Mr L. J. Channing were prejudiced at the last hurdle by a stumbling block which could so easily be removed.

For the first time in years there is a real glimmer of hope for the little clubs who are for the moment out of the limelight. We hope it will not be blocked out by the lowering bulk of the reserve teams of the powerful clubs.

With the possibility of promotion and relegation now very much upon us there are other relevant points which must also be given a great deal of thought. The first... is the vexing question of representation; the second is the arrangements for the knockout competitions.

Unless some great personality suddenly appears on the soccer scene and by a miracle of oratory convinces the present administrators that a committee of five independent officials could run Hongkong football with real benefit to the game, then representation on a club basis is something of the greatest importance to every team in the competition, but most particularly to those clubs who own their grounds.

COMPLICATIONS

As long as the stadium owners are in the First Division they have an expression on the present council and therefore have a fair say in any point which is brought up for discussion and which may require a vote. It is easy to envisage the complications if in the past few years the Hongkong Football Club, South China and the Police were singly or collectively relegated to a lower division.

Under the present voting system it would then be possible for clubs who have no grounds of their own to initiate, propose, and carry legislation detrimental to the best interests of the ground-owning clubs and which would remove such clubs from building up to a position of parity with the stadium-owning clubs.

No doubt there are those who will say it would never happen... my reply is that it might, and now is the time to consider all the pros and cons of the various proposals. The Reserve League members would be asked to vote on the

all as their interests would be fully covered by the vote of their First Division side.

There are still snags in that proposition as you will see if you examine it closely against the established background of Hongkong football, but it would at worst be better than the situation which might otherwise arise.

The introduction of promotion and relegation must also change the attitude to the present knockout competitions—the Senior Shield and the Junior Shield.

Let us see an end to the present restricted entry for the Senior tournament. Give the season a real kick by putting all the League clubs with the exception of the Reserves into the draw and let us make it a really representative battle.

GREAT LEVELLER

It is true, of course, that on paper the little clubs have no chance against the giants but somehow or other knockout football is a great leveller and the surprises—few as they might be—would give a real flip to the game.

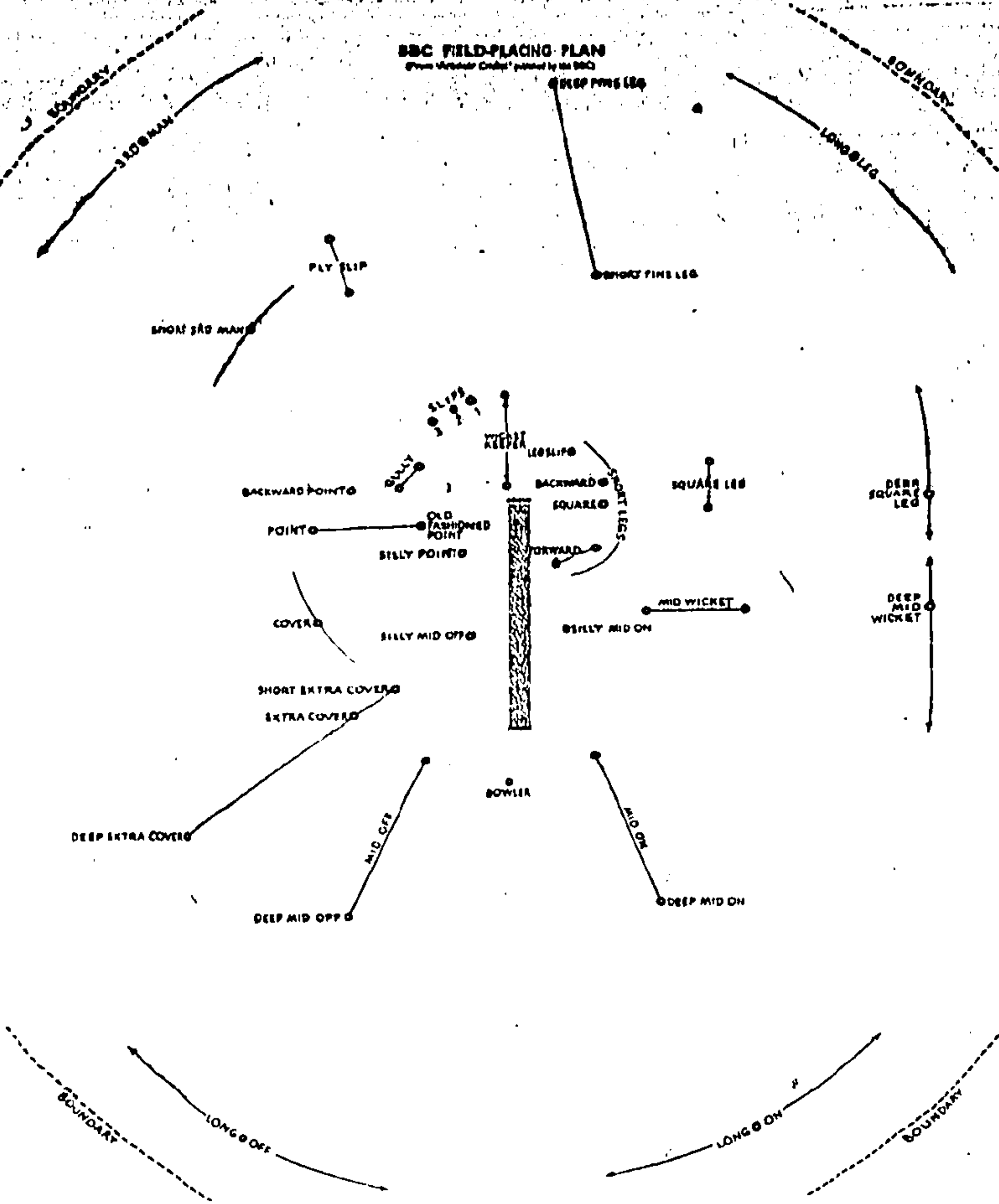
There could also be a consolation tournament for the smaller clubs eliminated in the early rounds and there could, of course, be a separate competition for the teams in the Reserve League.

If there is going to be a reformation in Hongkong football let it be a really courageous one. Half measure can only lead to half a success, and now that the lead has been given and the spirit of genuine progressiveness has been shown in the HKFA Council let it be encouraged so that the "new order" in our football will in fact lead eventually to a higher place in international soccer affairs.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. What event did Jozs Barthel win at the 1952 Olympics?
2. In what sports are the following terms used: over-throw, sticks and eagle?
3. Soldiers Field, September 23, 1926 saw a world champion dethroned. Who?
4. Who has won the Women's Singles title at Wimbledon the most times, Louis Brough or Maureen Connolly?
5. With which sport do you connect the feat of a thousand in May?
6. Emil Zatopek broke the Olympic record each time in winning the 5,000 metres, 10,000 metres and marathon at Helsinki in 1952. Right or wrong?
7. Which event did Mrs Zatopek win?
8. What sport does a tokopili-like follow?
9. Two James J's have won the world heavyweight boxing title. Surnames please.
10. One unusual feature marked the Boat Race of 1912 and 1951. What was it?

(Answers See Page 17)



This field-placing plan, prepared by the BBC, will enable listeners over the BBC and Radio Hongkong to follow more easily the radio commentary on the Test series between England and Australia which starts with the first Test Match at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, next Friday.

SPORTS ROUNDABOUT

WILL FRANK TYSON LEAVE NORTHAMPTON WHEN HIS CONTRACT EXPIRES?

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

There's a big question mark against Frank Tyson's cricketing future. In Northampton there is speculation as to whether "Typhoon" will remain with the county, transfer his affections to Lancashire, or settle down to school-teaching and confine his cricketing activities to Lancashire League cricket.

Doubt about Frank remaining with Northants is based on the fact that his contract expires at the end of this season, and that he has made no attempt to set up a permanent home in the Midlands.

Teaching, plus League cricket, offers the best financial prospect, but there's the matter of the MCC tour in South Africa next winter to take into serious consideration.

Ken Wood has been unfairly criticised for not turning out at London's White City the other Monday.

I think he showed common-sense. Why should this excellent Olympic prospect hum himself out while other Melbourne aspirants are dodging the column?

Isn't it enough that he saved our faces by that brilliant well-judged 1,800 metres victory over Hungary's track stars two days previously?

CONTINUED SUCCESS

Continued success in Scottish junior competitions of Lagan Downall. This is a delighting Spurs' signing of Jim Collins, 19-year-old inside-right.

Football League "Parliament" assemblies in London this week-end and although an increase in speculation is certain to be done to relieve the boredom of the most untidy, long-drawn-out competition in the world of sport. I hear it's touch and go whether the voting favours the Northern and Southern sections

being merged and divided into Third and Fourth Divisions.

"I should have stuck to fibs," Sandy Robertson told me after taking his record wrestling 11 at the last hole in the Assistant's championship at Hartlepool's Manor the previous week.

Sandy, a native of Pitlochry, used to play soccer for Joanfield Swifts, but not under the name of Robertson!

Opponents will hear a strange Middlesex brogue when Jimmy Toner makes his county golfing debut this Saturday. This slimy-built Finlloy golfer from Northern Ireland received county recognition within 24 hours of completing his two years' residential qualification. He was formerly a Newcastle (Co. Down) footballer.

Asked by the club chairman why he had a bowl of gold dust on his desk, the manager replied: "I like to watch 'em opening their mouths without criticising my team."

That story should go down well at the League secretaries' and managers' dinner in London.

NEEVE

Eric Houghton is in Cornwall recovering from the effects of Villa's relegation escape. More pleasing, but equally nerve-racking, was finding for Lincolnshire Gentlemen whilst his 16-year-old son, Neil, knocked

up 100 runs in stylish fashion for Oakham School.

BILL OF RIGHTS

By HENRY LONGHURST

The essence of a biography is to make the reader feel that he has lived another man's life, sharing his hopes and disappointments and penetrating the workings of his mind, without the trouble and inconvenience of doing so.

This standard is certainly achieved in the case of Norman von Nida's "Golf is My Business" (Frederick Muller), which was written in conjunction with an Australian journalist, Muir MacLaren.

The story of a life dedicated to competitive golf opens with a passage characteristic of both the parties concerned. Von Nida, aged 15, under-sized, under weight, but perky as a bantam cock, is to caddy for the great Hagen at Brisbane. He is about the size of Hagen's bag. "That's all right, Mr Hagen," he says, "I am the best caddy in Brisbane." "O.K., son," says Hagen, looking down at him. "Then you and I are a pair, because I'm the best golfer in Brisbane."

THE HARD WAY

Von Nida came up the hard way. He was flung 80 feet from the Victoria Bridge into the shark-ridden Brisbane river, narrowly missing some electric cables, to deter him from walking home with another young gentleman's girl and, thereafter, worked in various abattoirs, up to his knees in entrails and splitting sheep skulls with his bare hands—a practice to which he attributes the strength of his golf grip and possibly the meaty contents of his book.

It was golf that rescued him and led him out into the fresh air to a life of travel, good company and success—golf and his passionate, combative determination to win.

What makes this book so refreshing is its frankness, not only about other people but about the incessant "incidents" in which he has allegedly been involved. One of his principal targets, I have to reveal, is golf writers—for whom it is salutary for once to be on the receiving end. "Most," he thinks, "are honest, but some are prejudiced, some careless and quite a few dishonest." Leonard Crawley and Henry Longhurst "are both sound and knowledgeable when they concern themselves with the play" (ah!), "but are too often influenced by the demand for sensationalism which seems to be the bane of modern sports writers."

(Oh dear!). Elsewhere I got to myself "what tripe some golf writers indulge in!" But Crawley also, I am glad to see, gets a similar hon. mention on his own.

Von Nida has gone through life looking for his "rights," as he calls them—and, one is inclined to suspect, for anyone who might be disposed to deprive him of them. One of the better examples, not mentioned in the book, was his perfectly serious

claim during the "Daily Telegraph" foursomes, when his partner, J. C. Wilson, twice left him in a bunker "a man's entitled to be got out of a bunker!"

THE WRONG LINE

"I have never shrunk from speaking up for my rights," he says, "or trying to fight what I considered wrong." It is this, I think, which has been responsible for getting him in the papers for so many extracurricular activities. At Sunningdale he sticks his caddy for commenting unfavourably on his play and at St. Andrews for giving him the wrong line—as a result of which he has to wire for a caddy from London. At home he accuses Samuels' manager of cheating him, Ed Oliver of playing the fool and putting him off, Tommy Bolt of being rude and "bellyaching to Press men."

Within days of his first arrival in America he is rolling on the ground by the scoreboard, locked in deadly combat with a professional who had palmed a cheat, and is pulled off by a sheriff.

He falls out with the PGA in Queensland and may not perhaps endear himself to them here by calling the Ryder Cup "a fiasco until Dominion players are admitted."

NORMAL FACILITIES

All this is good strong stuff and does no one any harm. Our hero does, however, go on to say that the 1953 Ryder Cup at Westworth, at which he was not present, was "badly organised." Nothing done to make the spectators comfortable... Marrying of crowds, catering, normal facilities nonexistent! As this was quite the best-run tournament in Britain up to that time and as Westworth are determined that the Canada Cup, in which he is playing, shall be the best-run of all time, an apology to the captain and committee by today's post seems indicated. Its arrival would coincide nicely with the publication of the book.

Nevertheless, this is a brave book. It represents yet another blow by an at-heart likeable little man in a black beret, constantly misrepresented, misreported, misunderstood, labouring under the burden not of chip on one's shoulder, but a tree trunk on both. The only man, in fact, not out of step.

Now China And Korea Enter Golf Battle

By FRED PICNON

China and Korea have entered the battle for world golf supremacy. They bring the entry for the International Championship, to be played at Wentworth, Surrey, on June 24, 25, and 26, to the record number of 28 countries.

Each country is represented by two players, not necessarily professionals. Their aggregate scores over 72 holes count for the team event and the Canada Cup, while individual scores over 72 holes decide the International Championship.

This event brings together the greatest international field ever seen in this country. It is the fourth of a series sponsored by Canadian millionaire John Jay Hopkins.

Argentina, Australia, and United States have won the three previous Canada Cup tournaments, and are all playing again.

Peter Thomson, the British Open Champion and Norman von Nida represent Australia, and Ben Hogan and Sam Snead play for US.

Another interesting partnership is Bobby Locke and Gary Player, of South Africa.

The Professional Golfers' Association has selected the British players from the international list. Harry Weston and Ken Bousfield play for England, Eric Brown and John Panton for Scotland, Harry Bridgman and Christy O'Connor for Ireland, and Dai Rees and Dennis Smalldon for Wales.

Almost every player in the Canada Cup will compete in the Open Championship at Haystack the following week except Ben Hogan.

He will not make another bid for the title this year in 1953 because, he says, he is not fit enough for a long season of competitive golf.

The Assistant's "Championship" that is the official title of the 72-hole stroke-play tournament for the Go-Boy Cup, which begins today at the Hartlepool Country Club (Hertfordshire).

Entry is restricted to members of the Professional Golfers' Association, who have a young player from assistant professional prize which has won a major prize in a senior event.

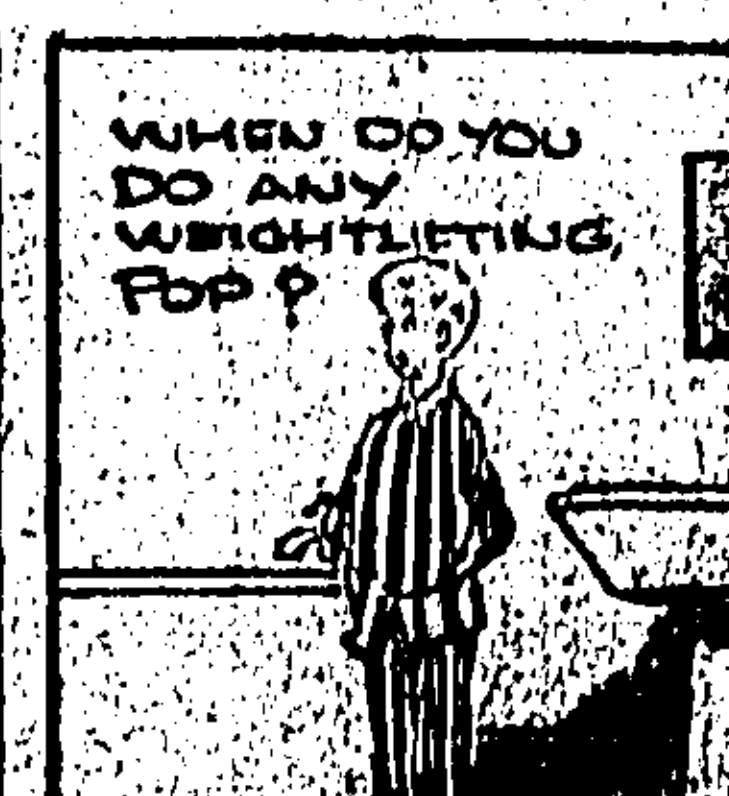
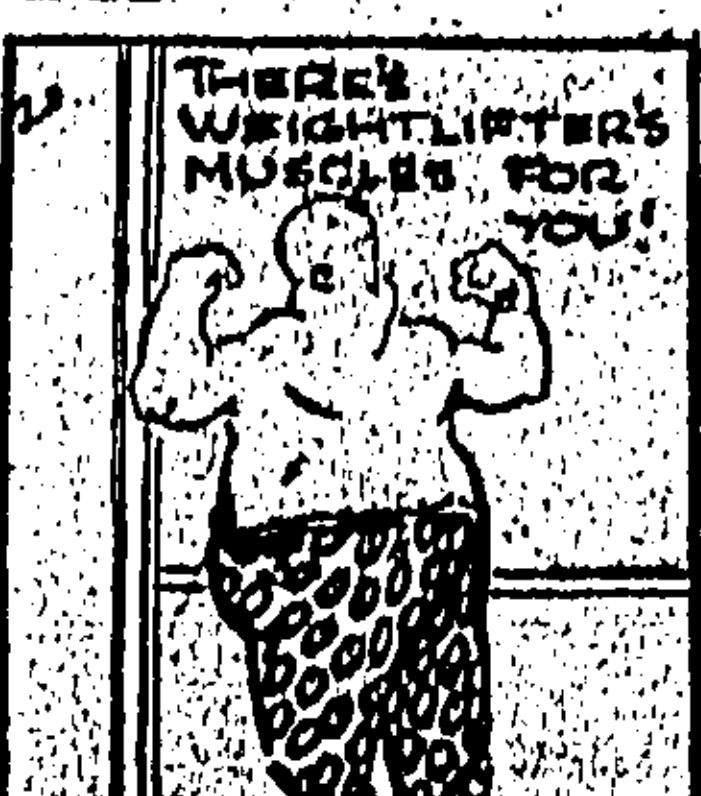
There is, however, a strong entry including the 18-year-old Scot, Alex Fox, who won the Scottish Championship at Glenties Hill recently, and David Beards, the runner-up



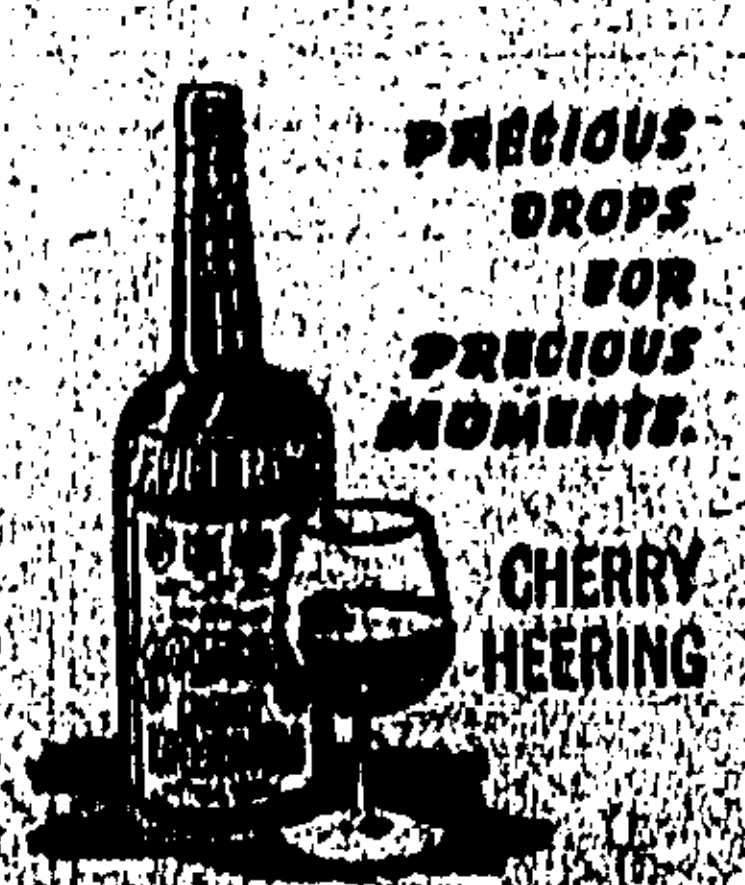
Available everywhere. Glass for bottle. Sole Agents: DODD & CO., LTD.

WATER IS PRECIOUS USE IT WISELY

POP



Potty!



WEEK-END BOWLS

KCC-RECREIO MATCH
TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT
THIS AFTERNOON

By "TOUCHER"

Following their brilliant win over Kowloon Bowling Green Club last week-end, the Kowloon Cricket Club First Division team take the spotlight again in this afternoon's Lawn Bowls League matches when they take on declining Champions, Club de Recreio, at Cox's Road.

For both teams the match will be a crucial one. To Recreio, a defeat may mean the end of their bid to retain the title. To the Cricket Club, a 5-0 or even a 4-1 win will enable them to close the gap between them and the League-leading Craighower squad who already have 17 points to their credit in four matches.

A 5-0 win for KCC will give the 18½ points in as many matches and put them in a strong contending position when they clash again with their Happy Valley rivals in the return match.

The Cricket Club are relying on the same twelve who carried them to a 5-0 victory over KBGC last Saturday and the Recreio line-up remains unchanged from that of previous weeks.

Hong Siling's four have been playing steady and consistent bowls so far and are good enough to earn one point for the Cricket Club. Korman's four made a successful debut last week-end as a combination.

They may look rather innocuous on paper but with fewer than three temperamental players—John Tong, Dick Rosset and Farley Korman—in one rink, one should not underestimate the capabilities of this rink.

On their day, they are capable of taking on the best rink the Colony can offer. Last week they showed above-average form and will, I think, be able to hold their end up against any Recreio rink to give KCC a 4-1 win.

Although a formidable combination on paper, Jack Chubb's four cannot be said to have combined smoothly in their first outing together last week. Against Recreio's formidable line-up of leads and No. 2s, both Don Phillips and Diviecha will have to show much better form to enable their rink to clear what may turn out to be a narrow win.

THEIR OWN WAY

League-leading Craighower Cricket Club with four straight victories and 17 points to their credit will probably not have matters their own way at Quarry Bay, though their opponents are the newly-promoted Talook Club twelve. They were given quite a scare

last week-end by Filipino Club, who came fairly close to snatching a win from the potential champions.

Both Bradbury and Coates have still not been able to find their last year's form and have already dropped three out of four games. Stanley Leonard's four are not by any means an unbeatable combination.

If it is an encouragement to Talook, I think they are capable of putting up a very good fight this afternoon, and given a favourable draw may even stage the first major upset of the season, despite the odds of a 4-1 defeat against them.

In the other two matches HCC "Blue", playing at home, should be good enough for four points against Filipino Club, if not five, and HCC "Gold" will probably give KBGC a good run for all their worth before going down by a 4-1 margin.

Since writing my notes on Monday I have been told that in addition to Bunny Abbas, some very fine bowls were also served up by another promising youngster, Sherry Bucks, in the Indians' match against Recreio last week. A repeat performance by the two will be looked forward to this week-end.

SECOND DIVISION

In the Second Division, the hopes of most of the participating teams will be centred on the KDC "Blue"—KCC match at Hung Hom.

Having already collected 19 points in four matches, the Dockmen are almost a certainty for the Championship honours in this division, unless the Cricket Club can do something about it this afternoon.

The KDC "Blues", however, will I think prove too strong for the Cricketers especially when playing on their home green this afternoon. The worst they can do is to drop a point to their opponents.

The Football Club will be given a good opportunity to avenge their last week's 5-0 defeat by the KDC "Blues" when they take on the KCC "Whites". I am sure they will go all out for the maximum points.

The HKCC-PRC and FC-POC matches will produce two evenly-contested games with the odds in favour of the Cricket Club and the Filipino Club.

USRC suffered a crushing blow in their bid for the division's Championship honours when they went down in a major upset to HKCC last week-end by a 4-1 margin.

They still have, however, 14 points to their credit and stand a very good chance of collecting

another five points this afternoon from Craighower Cricket Club to keep themselves still in the running for top honours.

THIRD DIVISION

The Third Division games during the past week saw some dramatic changes of fortune and, in fairness, some good bowls as well. While speculation was rife as to whether Filipino Club or Hongkong Football Club would win the title this season, Craighower Cricket Club swept past with two major victories—one over the Football Club and the other over Filipino Club—to install themselves as top favourites for the Championship.

In four matches they have collected 19 points. Today they will be the guests of the Bowling Green Club and are expected to maintain their unbeaten record with at least a 4-1 win.

Filipino Club and HKPSA should have the better of PRC and HKERC, playing on their home greens. Mention of PRC and HKPSA reminds me of a note received from a correspondent which entitles these two teams to an apology from me for omitting to mention two "sevens" scored by their rinks during the last two weeks.

The first of the two sevens was scored by the HKPSA four of H. Finney, F. Roberts, R. Mackenzie and "Lofty" Dewar against the KCC four skippered by H. Triggs a fortnight ago. Last week-end the PRC four of Walker, R. Jacques, E. Bellamy and G. Arliss scored the other seven against the HKPSA four skippered by Ken Bodie.

In the remaining Third Division match, HKFC, after suffering a nasty setback last week when they lost to CCC by 4-1, will have to make amends this afternoon by taking at least four points from KCC.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

KCC v. Recreio
TC v. CCC
IRC "Blue" v. FC
IRC "Gold" v. KBGC

Second Division

KDC "White" v. HKFC
KDC "Blue" v. KCC
HKCC v. PRC
FC v. POC
CCC v. USRC
Recreio (bye)

Third Division

KBGC v. CCC
FC v. PRC
HKPSA v. HKERC
HKFC v. KCC

Famous
Sports Stars
I Have Met

George Cook

By ARCHIE QUICK

There are certain women who will always be indelibly identified as the wives of famous sportsmen. The present Lady Hobbs was always "Ada" in Sir Jack's high-pitched voice. She went with him on most of his overseas tours. "Maggie" will for ever be associated with Jimmy Wilde. She was always at his training camp as cook and business adviser, and never far from his corner during a fight. And so to "Edith", the wife, mentor, trainer, cook and manager of the late George Cook.

Cook ranks only behind Les D'Arcy and Bill Lang among Australian Heavyweights of the past, and memories of this lovely character were revived for me when I met his widow recently. After his sudden death she went to live first in New York and then Sydney, but now she has a thriving millinery establishment in Marylebone, London, hard by Lord's cricket ground.

George was just about the ugliest man I ever met, with a nose flattened and bent level to his face, his ears and a lowering brow. His appearance was completely misleading, for, outside the ring, he would not harm a fly. In fact it was his docility that prevented him getting to the very top, and his lack of business acumen and generosity were the constant despair of his wife. And during his last days, in his wife's words "he was a dead loss as a London publican."

TOUGH AT THE TOP

In George's day in pre-war London it was tough at the top of the Heavyweight division. England had Len Harvey and was represented not only by George, but by fellow Australian Ambrose Palmer, Canadian Eddie Winstanley and Larry Gains. South Africa by Don McCorkindale and New Zealand by Maurice Strickland. It was pretty hot competition, but there was always a fight for someone.

I once visited Cook in training on Hayling Island. He taught me to throw a boomerang, and it was there I first heard the story of the man who was given a boomerang as his birthday present and had the utmost difficulty in getting rid of his old one!

Harry Levene, now challenging Jack Solomons as London's ace promoter, was Cook's official manager, and to this day he says George would have been World Champion if he had had some "killer" instinct. "He was built like Jim Jeffries," says Levene, "but I could never get him to hate his opponents."

Answers To
Sports Quiz

- 1,500 metres.
- Cricket, hockey and golf.
- Jack Dempsey, world heavyweight champion.
- Louis Brough who has won the title four times.
- Cricket. It means a thousand games scored by one batsman in May.
- Right.
- Javelin.
- Archery.
- Corbett and Jeffries.
- A boat sank and the race had to be re-rowed.

Most Batsmen Will Admit
They Are Not Comfortable
Facing Tony Lock

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

Lots of people say that personalities are dropping out of cricket. Of course they are. They always have been. But thank goodness new ones are growing up to take their places.

When, for instance, has England had more striking bowling personalities than Lock and Laker, Typhoon Tyson and Statham? For many, I suppose, Tyson, the man of speed, the Typhoon, is the most romantic and exciting. But my pick would be Surrey's Tony Lock.

What a remarkable character he is. Already, at 26, he has become a cricket legend. And if you could take a Gallup poll of batsmen all over the world I would wager he would come out as the bowler most of them fear most.

Off the field he is a quiet, pleasant, self-effacing companion. On it he is a dynamo of relentless aggression. He hasn't got red hair for nothing. He bowls expecting to beat a man every ball and he takes it as a personal let-down if he doesn't catch everything within ten yards. I would say he is probably the best close-to-the-wicket fielder in the world.

He is the kind of player spectators love to see. They talk of his aggression, of his diving catches, his thunderbolt throwing, his pace and extraordinary spin.

They think of him as one of the most extraordinary cricketers they have seen. They make special arrangements to get down to the grounds at which he appears. In other words he is a crowd puller—a personality of the highest order.

PERFECT FIT?

I saw him taking quite a lot of wickets at Trent Bridge. And right well he bowled. But I didn't think he looked one whit better than he did last season. For he wasn't beating the famous Trent Bridge feather-bed. No sir. He had a spinner's delight of a wicket to bowl on. The ball really spun and fizzed and popped about so that even I could get cheap wickets!

And the moral of that surprising state of affairs is important. It means that we really are getting somewhere in the search for good cricket wickets at Nottingham. Against the Australians we had a too perfect stretch of turf. Against Surrey the balance, I think, swung the other way. Somewhere between these two lies the good cricket wicket—the kind of turf that has the pace in it to give a good bowler a chance to get wickets and the good batsman a fair chance to score runs. Nobody asks better than that.

The authorities are searching hard to find it and I am quite sure, before long, they will succeed. I was much relieved, in our first innings to see Jim Laker retire from the bowling front against us. If he had kept on at the other end from Lock we would have been in real trouble.

Jim's injury was the spin bowler's constant companion and worry. He had split the callous on the vital part of his spinning finger. This is a very usual thing for the fierce spinners—especially early in the season when they come up against a series of long spells before the fingers have really had time to toughen up after a few months' rest.

I expect Tony Lock will run into the same kind of spot sooner or later for he really tears at the seam of that ball with the inside of his first finger. He has probably been luckier than

Laker at the moment because he kept his hands tough in Pakistan. Both Jim and Tony usually reckon to be able to heal their split fingers in three to four days. They can get bowling again quickly because they heal with a special kind of spirit.

HARD GOING

Like most of us who come new to the tough school of county cricket my new Aussie buddy in the Nottingham team, Allan Walker, is finding the going quite hard. I reckon it takes a full half season—if you'll accept that Irishism—to get properly acclimatised. One thing Allan is doing—he's enjoying it. The main match in most cricketers' minds now is the "little test" between MCC and the Australians at Lords. I doubt whether very much reliable intelligence will be gained for it seems to me that there might be more pulled punches than anything else.

It looks very much like a match of fitness—with the England selectors hiding their true intentions. Just the same it will be packed with interest. For I think Ian Johnson and his men really have to pull out something extra to try to win handsomely. That defeat at the hands of Surrey was a nasty blow and morale must be restored quickly. Apart from the first Test match Saturday's game at Lords seems the finest possible occasion.

I still feel that that absurdly short one week of practice before the Aussie tour matches began is the real basis of the troubles Ian Johnson has struck. His theory of playing his men to form in the early county games was sound and justified to a great extent. But he is at the stage now where morale building wins should be built up.

INVINCIBILITY

In the past, one of Australia's greatest Test assets has been a feeling of invincibility and the team has taken the field crushing county teams gave them a feeling of confidence; superiority if you like. The sight of the big green caps alone had its terror value.

But right now that just isn't there in the minds of England's top players. Their feeling at the moment is that England will win handsomely in the coming series—especially if any of the pitches take spin.

In other words the Australians' modest record so far is working against them. And the sooner Ian Johnson and his boys pull out the stops and wrap up some two-day wins to show who is boss, the better for Australia's chances in this series.

Getting back to the MCC v. Australians match—the main



Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: KCC v Recreio, 3.30 p.m.
2nd Division: KCC v PRC, 4.30 p.m.
3rd Division: KBGC v CCC, 4.30 p.m.
4th Division: HKPSA v HKERC, 4.30 p.m.

Football: South China v KMB (CU), 4.30 p.m.
Final of the Inter-school aquatic meet at Chung Sing Pavilion, 3 p.m.

Annual football presentation at Peninsula Hotel, 8 p.m.

TOMORROW

Yachting: Japan Olympic team v Royal Hongkong Yacht Club.

Annual Penetration Championship at Caroline Hill Stadium, 4 p.m.

Final of the Inter-school aquatic meet at Chung Sing, 3 p.m.

Valley Shield: HKFC v CCC, 3.30 p.m.

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Pompey Sends
An SOS

By HARRY CARPENTER

Yolande Pompey, 21-year-old Trinidad Cruiserweight, training at Devises, Wiltshire, for his June 5 world-title fight with Archie Moore at Harringay, has sent for more sparring partners.

Pompey started sparring last week with 23-year-old Clark Mellor, of Manchester. By the end of the week, after being on the receiving end through nine punishing rounds, Mellor had returned home.

Then Heavyweight Marcel Limagne arrived from Belgium. In his first session a Pompey left hook opened up a cut by his right eye. So down from London hurried corpulent Heavyweight Eddie Heam.

REINFORCEMENTS

Then, ex-British Middleweight Champion Albert Finch, and the current Championship contender, Lew Lazar, came in to help Pompey.

I don't now whether Pompey is scared of losing more sparring partners, but for a man whose vital asset against Moore will be his strong punching, he seemed strangely reluctant to open up.

In any case, there was some difference of opinion in the camp about what Pompey should do.

His trainer, Snowy Buckingham, was in the ring urging him to "Let 'em go, Pom."

But his manager, portly Jack Burns, sat by the ropes saying:

"I don't want to see him use up all his strength in gym fights. Let him mix it on the night."

All I can say is that I hope Mr Burns and Mr Buckingham agree on training policy before it's too late to agree it.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



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Page 20

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SHEAFFER'S

ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

CONSTITUTION RESTORED

Hoad Beaten

Barcelona, June 1.
Low Hoad, Australian winner of the French title recently and favourite for the Wimbledon championship, was unexpected defeat by tennis player in the international lawn tennis tournament here today.
Hoad won 7-0, 7-5, 10-8 in a three-set match to reach the semi-finals. —Reuters.

DAVIS CUP

Brussels, June 1.
Sweden led Belgium by two matches to all in the quarter-finals of the European zone of the Davis Cup when Torsten Johansson defeated Gino Mezzalana 2-6, 6-4, 6-0 and 6-4 in the second singles.

Earlier, Sven Davidson beat Jackie Brichant 6-3, 2-6, 7-9, 6-1 and 6-3 in the first singles.

France won both singles matches to take a 2-0 lead against Germany at Dusseldorf when Paul Remy beat Rupert Huber 6-4, 6-3 and 6-3 and Robert Haillet defeated Peter Schall 8-6, 6-1 and 7-5. —France-Press.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

CAVIL: Carp, Wasp, Wolf, Wood, Dye, Died, Fed, Piper, Pay, Pool, Mouth, South, Smooth, Even, Eden, Paradise, Bird, Passage, Message, Messenger, Eternity, Knight, Garter, Leg, Left, Rolling, Pin, Safety, Matches, Watches, Watched, Masked, Assent, Assent, Spent, Spoor, Poor, Moor, Ukley, Likely, Lively, Vivid, Lived, Devil.

IN EAST PAKISTAN

Karachi, June 1.

Major-General Iskander Mirza, Pakistan President, today restored parliamentary rule to East Pakistan by revoking his May 26 proclamation which put the province under presidential rule.

A proclamation announcing the restoration of the constitution said the President was satisfied that conditions now existed in which the province could be governed in accordance with the provisions of the constitution.

The proclamation was to take effect immediately. The restoration of parliamentary rule in East Pakistan returns the United Front minority of Abu Hussain Sarwar, which Pakistan's political observers believed was saved from defeat by the President's intervention.

The ministry was predicted to have been on the brink of defeat at the beginning of the budget debate when the Assembly was adjourned by the Speaker who refused, on points of order raised by the Opposition, to allow presentation of a budget.

Hold Majority

The President's suspension of the constitution, under emergency powers, produced a crisis solution.

BLOW TO ENGLISH SELECTORS

London, June 1.

Frank Tyson and Freddie Trueman, two of the leading English fast bowlers, in the country, are not available for the first Test match against Australia which starts at Trent Bridge next Thursday.

Early today came the news that Tyson would be out of cricket for three weeks with a fractured ankle bone. Then it was announced that Trueman, still troubled with his strained side, was likely to be out of the game for another week to ten days.

The Australians too had their worries increased for it is not certain that their opening batsman, Clive McNamee, who has a strained left thigh muscle, will be fit for Nottingham.

UNFORTUNATE

The break up of the Statham-Tyson fast bowling combination is an unfortunate blow for England. This pair played a leading part in retaining the Ashes in Australia the winter before last and in the only Test they appeared together last season, England beat South Africa by an innings and five runs at Trent Bridge.

A heel injury kept Tyson out of three Tests in 1955 and now he looks like missing at least the first two games against Australia. It seems that Alan Moss, of Middlesex, will be Statham's opening partner. Moss has been in good form this season and he bowled much better than his figures for the MCC against the Australians suggested.

The Australians suggested practically certain to be without Ron Armstrong (back trouble), and Ian Craig (a stomach complaint) but no decision has been reached about McDonald. McDonald strained his left thigh muscle against Lancashire and could not play against the MCC at Lords.

FIRST PLEASED

The specialists were at first pleased with his recovery, but he broke down again during the course of a century innings against Oxford University yesterday and returned to London for treatment. Ian Johnson, the Australian captain, said today, after telephoning a Harley Street specialist, that there was some doubt about McDonald's condition.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

MOTHER, SON

WHEN does a mother's duty end towards a son? When his schooling is over? When he is 21? When he marries? One answer emerged at the Clerkenwell court when the case against Charles was all but over. Charles was charged with being a suspected person loitering with intent to steal from unattended cars, and he pleaded not guilty.

Two policemen told the magistrate, Mr. E. G. Robey, of their watch on Charles in Bloomsbury, that one o'clock in the morning. They had watched him for 12 minutes, they said, and seen him, in that time, tamper with the door handles of four parked cars.

IT WASN'T ME

"ANY questions?" Mr. Robey asked Charles. "No, except it wasn't me near the cars," Charles said. He has a serious impediment to his speech, and words did not come easily. "I was waiting for a girl," he said, "why should I be interested in cars?" "Do you want to give evidence?" "No," Charles said. "I've written it down. I thought I'd thrust forward a piece of paper, which the magistrate read. 'Is that all you want to say?'"

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE

"YES," Charles answered. "I just can't believe what those men have said. I'm not interested in cars." The magistrate studied Charles for a moment, seeing the pink-checked, neatly dressed man of 38. "Well, you say you never touched anything," said the magistrate. "Yet there you were in the early hours of the morning. I'm afraid I must accept what the police tell me." He turned to the officer in charge of the case. "Is anything known?" he asked.

EXCELLENT CHARACTER

THERE were two minor convictions against Charles, but they had happened many years before, and might have been put down to the nervous breakdown, which, as the officer went on to say, Charles had suffered at that time. "This man has always been at work," the officer said. "For the last 12 months he has been driving for a firm, before that, for eight years he ran his own car-hire company. He served six years in the Army, and was given an excellent character."

"It seems very extraordinary that he should do this," the magistrate said. The policeman nodded agreement.

NIGHT & DAY

AT that moment, counsel engaged in a later case rose and said to the magistrate: "I believe someone in the public gallery wants to attract your attention, sir."

It was Charles's mother. In a kindly, courteous way, she was shown to the witness-box. "Sir," she said, "the only explanation of this is that he'd had a few drinks. He shouldn't drink, sir, after his nervous trouble. It makes him a little peculiar."

"Ever since his breakdown, sir, his sister and I have looked after him so carefully, night and day, sir, night and day. He's a good man really, sir, and we've got the highest references— even from the police."

She was composed, and dignified. The magistrate said to her: "Well, I'm going to discharge your son conditionally. I think you'd better see if a doctor can't persuade him not to take alcohol. If it does as you say to him."

"Oh yes, sir, we'll take the greatest care of him," Charles's mother said. "We'll look after him night and day." And she hurried off in the wake of Charles. She knew when a mother's duty ended to her son, when she drew her last breath.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Tommy got a lot of got-well cards, Doctor, but this is the one that tickles me—it's from his teacher!"

Egyptian Objective Nearly Achieved

London, June 1.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, Egyptian Prime Minister, said today that Egypt had nearly achieved the first objective of its foreign policy—"to liquidate imperialism, to do away with occupation, to get rid of occupation so that not a single foreign soldier remains in this country."

He said that "God willing" that day would come on June 10, bringing to an end a past in which "this country always was in the shadow of imperialism, occupation and the British flag." Cairo radio reported, according to Reuters. He received a tremendous ovation for the statement, made in a major speech at the opening of the general co-operative congress at Cairo University.

The Premier said Egypt's policy must be to ensure stability in the country, to continue the revolution in the economic field.

Work And Struggle

He reviewed the past, present and future of Egypt's economic policy and said now that the transition period was over, Egypt was about to enter a new stage in her life—the stage of "work, struggle and production" to build the country.

Colonel Nasser said the revolution was realising its aims one by one. The first aim was "the liquidation of imperialism and its treacherous hangers-on, who ruled us and conspired against us to realise their aims at the expense of the people."

The next aim was "the liquidation of control through capital" so that capital might be used for advancing the country, building its army and preventing foreign intervention instead of to control the Government and government officials or for bribes.

The third aim was to establish social justice and democratic life. Colonel Nasser said it was against this background of revolutionary aims in the first years of the revolution that "the battle began between the parties and the revolution."



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HONGKONG PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOON)

Price, 20 cents per copy, Saturday 30 cents. Subscription: \$6.00 per month. Postage: China and Macao \$3.00 per month, U.K., British Possessions and other countries \$1.00 per month. News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary. Telephone: 2811 (5 lines). KOWLOON OFFICE: Salisbury Road, Telephone: 74145.

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